Le hore di recreatione: +

OR,

THE PLEASANT HISTORIE OF *Albino* and *Bellama.*

Discovering the severall changes of Fortune, in CUPIDS journey to HYMENS joyes.

To which is annexed,

Il Insonio Insonadado, or a sleeping-waking Dreame, vindicating the divine breath of Poesie from the tongue-lashes of some Cynical Poet-quippers, and Stoicall Philo-prosers.

By N. W. Master in Arts, of Queenes *Colledge in Cambridge.*

——— *Semel in anno ridet Apollo.*

Ergo,

Nè mea metra tibi Musâ composita jocosâ,
Delibata priùs quàm sint contempta relinquat.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. D.* for *C. G.* and are to be sold at the Princes Armes in *Pauls* churchyard.
1637.

C.

BRITISH
5 OCT 70
MUSEUM

C. 39. b. 44

The first Edition.

N. Whiting the Author

In the Censura Literaria mention is made of this History - pub. in 1639 - having a frontispiece with engravings from subjects of the Poem.

The Author of the above work does not seem to be aware that there was a prior edition of the poem, in 1639

BRITISH MUSEUM
5 OCT 19



Lè Horè di re: creatioñe. *or* *The pleaſante Hiſtorye of* ALBINO *and* BELLAMA

to which is annexed.

il inſonio in: ſonodado

or

the vindication of Poeſye

by N: W: M.A:

London
Printed for
Charles Greene
1638

Le hore di recreatione: +

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, RIGHT worthy, and truely ennobled Hero, IOHN, Lord *Loveliſs*, Baron of HURLEY, N. W. [S.P.O.

THE Law-enactors, whilſt time fear'd the rod,
Faign'd in their lawes, the preſence of a god,
Whoſe awful nod, & wiſedome grave ſhold be
As hand and ſignet unto their decree.
And ſuch commanding aw that ſacred name
Struck in the vulgar breaſts, it teen'd a flame
Of Love and duty to their pious heſts.
Thus *Rhadamanthus* in his lawes inveſts
Him, whom prophaner times ſtil'd Heavens King;
Minos and others ſtrike the ſelfe-ſame ſtring.
The Moral's mine: for in this quirking ſeaſon
When pride and envie ſteere the Helme of reaſon,
It is, has with Preſſe-taskers been in uſe
To preſſe the iſſue of their proſe and Muſe
Vnder the Enſignes of ſome worthy Peere,
Whoſe very name unſatyr can a jeere,

And lock detraction up in beds of clay
To ſleepe their ſuns as Reare-mice doe the day.
Then doe they bravely march with honour arm'd,
Which, as the gods, the people, charmeth, charm'd,
On this knowne priveledge feete I theſe lines,
In which, though dimmer then your native, ſhines
Your worth, en-fired by my kneed quill,
Which claimes the ſcale not of deſertes, but wil,
In your acceptance and the worlds ſurmiſe
Then Cynicks barke and Critckes beame your eyes.
My quill's no penſill to emblaſon forth
Your ſtainleſſe honour and your matchleſſe worth,
As duſt-borne flyes, which 'bout the candle play
Glide throughits arch, en-circle, fan, ſurvay,
Winke at the preſence of dayes beamy blaze,
Par on the glaſſe, or on hearb-pillowes laze,
Iuſt ſo my downy Muſe in Diſtiques dare
Feete the perfection of a ſilkleſſe faire
Pumex each parr ſo trimly that her foe
Swearesher cheekes roſes and her boſome ſnow,
Nay has ſtrewd flowres of deſertleſſe prayſe
T' adorne the Tombe of good Sr worthy Crayſe,
Vnder this (ah mee) ſtone is laid (alas!)
A man,--a knight---the beſt that ever was
His proweſſe war, his wiſedome ſtate did prove,
His kindneſſe kindred, and the world his love.
But when ſhee ſhould with her weake feathers ſoare
To court a ſtar, or with her feeble oare
Strike ſuch a ſea of worth, ride honours ring.
Shee dares not touch, or ſnaffle, ſaile or wing,
Onely as he which limb'd thoſe teares and ſighs,
Which *Iphigenias* death, from hearts and eyes
Of kindred drew, but ore her father's brow
(Telling the world hee mourud, without an how,)

He

Hee drew a vaile ſpake ſorrow in exceſſe,
So with a---muſt my muſe expreſſe
Your ſacred worth, concluding it to bee
Too high for any Bard, if not, for mee,
Beſide, the world of late has nicknam'd praiſe
Calls it an elbow-claw and ſcraping bayes,
Then pardon (Sir) this dearth, and iudge the why
Is your worth ſoar'd above Parnaſſe's eye
Let not your ſlights or *neſcio's* (thogh moſt iuſt)
Condemne my muſe to bee en-ſeild with duſt,
Nor let preſumption hoyſte to your embrace
But rather let your honour bate its place
And ſtoope unto my meaſures, ſince the name
Of Patrone awes oft times the breath of fame
And by this honour ſhall you ere en-gage
The knee, hand. duty, ayre and thriving age.

Of your honours ever
humbly devoted,

N. W.

To the Reader.

COurteous Reader: For to such I write,
With native candor view this checkred white,
Be truly candid to a candidate,
Whom importunirgs force to ante-date
The travails of his quill, and like a grape
Ere ripened, presse it, yet if I escape
The censure of these times, this Critick age,
My Muse (like Parrats) in a wyer cage
Shall not doe penance; but I'le not promise it,
Cause 't doth too much oth' lips of greatnesse sit.
And tis a fault for me to sympathize,
I bring no anticke maske in strange disguize,
No sharpe invective, nor no Comick mirth,
Which may to laughter give an easie birth.
Though tis in use with them that seeke to please
These humorous times (it being a disease
Calse Epidemicall, to keepe a phrase
Or phansie at staves end, nought merits prayse,
Vnlesse with quibbels every staffe does end,
Conceited jests, which unto lightnesse tend)
Though every page swels with ingenuous lots,
Yet cry our carpes, the Authors are but sots.

An

An Elbow-pillow or a motley coate,
With them are now the cheifeſt men of note,
But I, nor am, nor hope that name to gaine,
Of Panto mimick yet 'did nature daigne,
The Optick-glaſſe of Humours to deſcrye,
Each mans ranke humour onely by the eye,
I would have tun'd my Muſe, that every page,
Might ſwell with humours ſuting to this age,
This leafe ſhould talke of love, and that of ſtate,
This, of alarums, that of wonders prate,
This of Knights Errante, of Enchantement that,
This to the itching eares of nouels chat, (drawne
But ---- ſince my ſtarv'd Fortunes miſt that, I have
A picture ſhadowd ore with double lawne,
Leſt ſome quick Lynciſt with a pearcing eye,
Should the young foot-ſteps of a truth eſpye,
Yet ſomething I confeſſe was borne of late,
(Which makes me age it with an ancient date,
But let no antick-hunter poſte to Stow,
To trace out truth upon his even ſnow,
Annalls are dumbe of ſuch and ſuch a Lord,
Nor of our amorous paire ſpeake halfe a word,
Monaſtick writs doe not Bellama *lim*
Nor Abbey-roules doe teeme a line of him,
This ſtory has no ſyres (as 'tis the vſe)
But weake invention, and a feeble Muſe,
Theſe are the parents, that abortive birth
Give to this Embrion of deſired mirth,
Which in the authors name, does humbly crave
A charitable cenſure or a grave,
The pureſt-boulted floure that is, has bran.
Venus *her Næue,* Helen *her ſtaine, nor can,*
I thinke theſe lines are cenſure-free, empelde,
By th'muſes, and 'gainſt envyes Iavelins mal'd,

To the Reader.

Yet where the faultes but whisper, vse thy pen
With the quod non vis of the Heathen men.
And if the crimes doe in lowd Ecchoes speake
Thy spunge, but not with lashing Satyrs break
That sacred bond of friendship, for t'may bee
I may hereafter doe as much for thee,
Nor doe thou think to trample on my Muse,
Nor in thy lofty third-ayre braves accuse
My breast of faintnesse or the ballad-whine,
For know my heart is full as big as thine,
And as pure fire heates my octavo bulke
As the grand-folio, or the Reamish bulke
If but oppos'd with envye but vnlesse
I truly am what these few wordes expresse,

Thy ready Freind,

N. W.

TO

TO THE RIGHT vertuous and eqnally beautiful, *Sra Inconſtanza Bellarizza.*

FAIREST,

WHEN by much gazing on thoſe glittering beames,
Which (if unmaskt) from dayes bright Henchman ſtreames,
The Raſcians eyes doe gaine the curſe of yeares;
The Load-ſtones ſwarfie hue their tapers cleares.
When Vnicornes have gluts or ſurfets taine
By browſing Lycoras, they to regaine
Their ſtomackes, and a cure, craſh bitter graſſe:
I leave the application, 'tis a glaſſe
Wherein the dimmeſt eye may plainly ſee
What's due to me from you, to you from me.
But— I'le onely tell the world, that for your ſake
My willing Muſe this taske did underrake
At howres of recreation, when a thought
Of your choyce worth, this, and this phanſie brought.
Some to the barre will call the truth hereof,
Some wonder why? ſome paſſe it by, ſome ſcoffe,
Becauſe in this full harveſt of your ſex,
I'mongſt ſuch thouſands gleane your name t'annex

Vnto

Vnto, and vsher in these wanton verses,
Some will be apt to think my pen rehearses
Love passions 'twixt your selfe and some choyce he,
(The world I know will not suspect tis me)
And that I age it, lest quick eyes should see;
But in this thought I'me silent, thoughts are free.
Indeed your worth doth just proportion hold
With this high worth which of *Bellama's* told,
And well my knowledge can enforme my pen
To raise a spite in women, love in men.
And if the Fates befriend me, that my thread
Out-measures yours (your worth asleepe, not dead,
For such worth cannot dye) I then will say,
You equald her, and was—— (but truth away)
If these, dull melancholy, griefe, or sleepe,
From any prone thereto, at distance keepe,
Let unto you their tribute thankes be payd,
For my invention by your worth was rayd,
My phansie rais'd, enliv'ned and enspir'd,
That my quick Muse my agill hand has tir'd,
Nay more, me thinkes I might unchidden call
You, subject, object of this Poem all,
And all in this acknowledgement may trim,
You pros'd this Poem, but 'twas vers'd by him

Who stiles himselfe your
servant,

N. W.

THE

THE AVTHOVRS APOLOGIE.

SOme rigid Stoick will (I doubt not) shoote
A quipping censure at this wanton fruit,
And say, I better might have us'd my tallants,
Than t'humour Ladies, and perfumed gallants.
Know such, that pamphlets writ in meeter, measure
As much invention, judgement, wit, as pleasure,
All learning's not lockt up in *si's* and *tum's*,
Roses, Pinkes, Violets, as well as gums,
Some native fragour have to equall Civet,
Minerva does not all her treasures rivet
Into the screws of *Obs* and *Sols*: but we
Are sea-borne birds, and as our pedigree
Came sayling ore from *Normandie* and *Troy*,
So we must have our prettie *Ermine* joy.
One part *Italian*, and of *French* the other,
Stout *Belgia* be her Syre, and *Spaine* her mother.
So our apparell is so strange and anticke, (ticke
That our great grand-syres sure would call us fran--
And should they see us on our knees for blessing,
They'd scue aside, as frighted at our dressing.
We packe so many Nations up, that we
Weare *Spaine* in waste, and *France* below the knee.

Thus

Thus are our backes affected, and indeed
Our braines doe trayaie with the ſelfe-ſame meed.
Wee're Chaldees, Hebrews, Latines, Greeks, and ye
But few pure Engliſhmen are lapt in Iet.
We ſcorne our mother language, and had rather
Say *Pater noſter* twice, than once *Our Father.*
This makes our Pulpits Linſey-wolſey ſtut,
When buskind ſtages in ſtiffe ſatten ſtrut.
Nay clownes can ſay, this Parſon knowes enough,
But that his language does his knowledge blough:
Is it not time to poliſh then our Welch,
When Hindes and Peaſants ſuch invectives belch?
Then Engliſh bravely ſtudy, 'tis no ſhame
For grave Divines to win an Engliſh fame.
I've heard a worthy man approv'd for learning,
Say, that in Playes and Rithmes we may be earning
Both wit and knowledge, and that *Sidney*-proſe
Out-muſickes *Tully*, if it ſcape the noſe.
Then purg'd from gall (ingenuous friends) peruſe,
And though you chide the Author, ſpare the Muſe.

N. W.

The Authour to his Book.

GOe gall-lesse infant of my teeming Quill,
Not yet bedewd in Syracusa's till,
And like a forward Plover gadst abroad,
Ere shell-free, or before full age has strowd
On thy smooth backe a coate of feathers,
To arme thee 'gainst the force of weathers,
Doomd to the censure of all Ages,
Ere mul'd against the youngest rages,
Perchance some Nobles will thee view,
Smile at thee, on thee, like thee new,
But when white age has wrinkled thee,
Will slight thy measures, laugh at mee,
At first view called pritty,
And perchance stiled witty
By some Ladies, untill thou
Wearest furrowes on thy brow,
Some plumed Gallants may
Vnclasp thy leaves and say,
Th'art mirthful, but ere long
Give place unto a Song,
Some courteous Scholler
Purg'd from all choller,
May like, but at last,
Say thou spoylst his tast,
First, Lawyers will
Commend thy skil,
Last, throw thy wit
With Trinits writ
Chamber shees
On their knees
wil thee praise,
and thy bayes,
At first,
till thirst
of newe
death you,
then all
men shal
Flee
thee
Bee
me.

This

THis is thy doome, I by prophetick ſpirit,
Preſage will be the guerdon of my merit:
Yet be no Burre, no trencher-flye, nor hound,
To fawn on them whoſe tongs thy meaſures wound.
Nor beg thoſe niggards eyes, who grudge to ſee
A watch unwinded in peruſing thee.
And if ſtate-ſcratchers doe condemne thy jeſts,
For ruffling ſattens, and beſpangled veſts,
Tell them they're coſend, and in vain they puffe,
Thou neither aim'ſt at halfe-ell band or ruffe;
And if thy lines perchance ſome *Ermins* gaſh,
Tis not thy fault, twas no intended laſh.
Thy penſill limbs *Don Fuco's* portraicture,
And onely doſt his native worth immure
Within theſe tilick rindes: nor is thy rage
Againſt the Cowliſts of this yongeſt age.
Thy rithmes cry *Pax* to all, nor doſt thou ſcatter
Abuſes on their ſhrines, their Saints, or water;
And if ſome civill Satyr laſh thee backe,
Becauſe he reads my title, ſees my black,
Anſwer ith' Poets phraſe, and tell them more,
My tale of yeares had ſcarce out-ſum'd a ſcore
When my young phanſie theſe light meaſures meant
The Preſſe: but Fate ſince canceld that intent,
Nor claim'd the Church as then a greater part
In me than others, bate my title Art ---
But now the ſcean is chang'd? confeſt it is
Muſt we abjure all youth, borne, bury this?
Such cloſet death's deſertleſſe, in this glaſſe
Read not what now I am, but then I was:
In this reflection may the graveſt ſee
How true we ſuite, I, this, and this with mee.
Theſe thornes pickt out, whoſe venome might have
A gangrene in thy Reader, ſtruck thee dead, (bred
Thou

Thou mayſt perhaps invited be to court,
And have a brace of ſmiles t'approve thy ſport.
Thoſe, whoſe grave wiſdomes, *Wiſe* do them entitle,
(Whoſe learned nods lowd ignorance can ſtifle)
Some of times numbers on thy lines will ſcatter,
If not cald from thee by ſome higher matter,
Laugh out a rubber, like, and ſay 'tis good
For pleaſure, youth and leaſure, wholeſome food.
Some jigging Silk-canary, newly bloom'd,
When he is criſped, bathed, oyld, perfum'd,
(Which till the ſecond chime, will ſcarce be done)
Vpon thy feet will make his chryſtals run,
Commend the author, vow him ſervice ever,
But from ſuch things his Genius him deliver.
Some ſleeked Nymphs, of countrey, citie, court,
Will, next their Dogges and Monkies, like thy ſport,
Smile, and admire, and wearied will (perhaps)
Lay thee to ſleepe encurtaind in their laps,
Oh happy thou! who would not wiſh to be
(To gaine ſuch dainty lodging) ſuch, or thee?
Say, to pleaſe them, the Poet undertooke
To make thee from a ſheet thrive to a booke,
And if he has to beauty giv'n a gem,
He challengeth a deck of thankes from them:
And if ſome winning creature ſmile on thee,
She ſhall his L. and his *Bellama* bee.
Betwixt eleven and one, ſome *pro* and *con*
Will ſnatch a phanſie from thee, and put on
A glove or ring of thine to court his laſſe, (graſſe.
Twixt Tearme and Tearme, when they are turnd to
Some *Titius* will lay by his wax and bookes,
And nim a phraſe to bait his amorous hookes.
But ſtay, I ſhall be chid, me thinkes I heare
A cenſure ſpread its wings to reach my eare,

Tell

Tell me I am conceited: then no more,
Go take thy chance, I turne thee out oth' dore.

Mart. ad lib. ſuum. Epig. 4.

Ætherias laſcive cupis volitare per auras,
I, fuge, ſed poteras tutior eſſe domi.

Mart. lib. 4.

Si vis auribus Aulicis probari
Exhortor, moneoque te libelle,
Vt docto placeas Apollinari,
Nam ſi pectore te tenebit ore,
Nec ronchos metues maligniorum.
Nec ſcombris tunicas dabis moleſtas
Et cum carmina floridis Camœnis,
Liteſque, gloriam canas poetum
Non eſt pollicem capitis veráris.

To his loving friend the Author.

TO laud thy Muſe, or thee, to crowne with prayſe,
Is but to light my Tapers to the rayes
Of gold-lockt *Phœbus*, ſince the Scheame
Of fabled truth, thy waking, ſeeming dreame;
Thy ever-living-loving fame in Arts,
Of Arts, to us in whole and part imparts.
In Arts, thy judgement, phraſe, invention,
Of Arts, thy *Poets Vindication*.
In mourning Elegies I admi'd thy skill,
In mirthfull Layes we now admire thy quill.
Let *Albine*, *Bellame*, by thee live in fame,
Riv'lezzo, Beldame *Pazza* live in ſhame.
Laſh on and ſlaſh the vice of ſhaved crownes,
In thy *Bardino*, Nuns, and Sylvane clownes.
Give vertue beautie, beautie deſert and prayſe,
And that thy Monument of Braſſe ſhall rayſe.

To the Reader.

READer take heed, complaine not of the ſting,
Leſt others of thy galled ſores doe ſing.
No faulty perſon, partie here is meant,
Onely the vice oth'age and place is ſhent.
He that expounds it of himſelfe, doth ſhow
Some guiltie fault, or vice from him doth flow,
If toucht to th'quick, conceale and them amend,
So 'gainſt thee ſhall all ſcourging Satyrs end.

William Purifey Rector
Eccleſiæ de Markefield.

To his loving Kinſman the Authour.

WHen firſt I viewd the travailes of thy quill,
I lik'd, approv'd, admir'd thy nimble skill,
In ſudden raptures, phanſies, judgement, phraſe,
Invention, quickneſſe, life, detraction, praiſe,
So that I favourd their conceit which faignd
The ſoule to be an harmony, and raignd,
Amongſt the ſences with accounts and meaſures;
All which thy loftie *Poeſie* en-treaſures,
That quainteſt warblers cannot with delight
Out-worth the Poet in his *Lyrick* height,
As thoſe which with quick eyes where judgment ſits,
Thy *Vindication of Poetick wits*
Doe reade, may ſee, whoſe ſwelling meeters teach
All Aliens ſuch high Engliſh, that to reach
Is harder than to like, or belch forth ſcandals,
Witneſſe thy journey, *Somnus*, *Morpheus*, Sandals,
The Orbs, Gods, Muſes, Critickes, accuſation,
The Poets names, employments, vindication,
Theſe ſilenced my pen, it dar'd no more
Till voyc't by thy *Bellame* againe, her ſtore
Of ſuters, one approv'd by Friends, not her
Rivelezzo's wrath (wherein moſt Parents erre)
Her griefe, encloyſtring, entertainment high,
Albino's heart and hers met in their eye,
Their whiſpring, dalliance, *Piazzella's* care,
Bardino's falſhood, their affections rare,

Her

er dis-encloystring: and his Nunning plot,
he Nuns thick bellies, his repentant grot,
is freedome, flight, encountring with his Saint,
is conjuration, prodegies, and plaint,
he Sheepheard lout, *Bellama's* second queſt,
is Ghoſting, comming from th' *Elizian* reſt.
heir parles, his diſ-enghoſting, her denyals,
is rage, her kindneſſe, both their loves and trials,
onrades immuring, *Piazzlla's* fury,
is freedome, *Foppo*, and his Monkiſh Iury,
he Lovers Ale-houſe cheare, bed, courſe apparell,
he Monks ſtrict queſt, their finding, mirth & quarrel,
heir ſcape, feare, Raddle, kinſman, and at length
heir nuptiall Tede, when malice loſt its ſtrength.
low thou haſt ſhown (deare cooz) thy Art in Arts,
et them expreſſe who bragge of abler parts
han I, which have a bigger part in thee,
hy love, and blood, till Being ceaſe to be.

IOHN WHITING.
Maſter of Artes,
Clare-Hall, Camb.

Amico

Amico suo chariſſimo N. W. hujus Poematis authori Collegii Regnalis *Canta, in artibus magiſtro.*

PAN petat Arcadiam Druides effundite cantus,
Et juvenes flores ſpargite, Bardus adeſt.
Tu qui ſtruxiſti memoranda Trophæa Poeſi,
Dicere multa tibi neſcio, nolo nihil
Vota, preces, calamus, cor, carmen, ſingula laudes,
Vltro perdignas, concelebrare ſtudent.
An decus ingenium, tua laus, tua facta peribunt.
Dignum laude virum muſa perire vetat
Corpore defuncto te candida muſa ſequetur,
Admiratur opus, primitiaſque tuas
Fata precor, fauſtæ plectant tua ſtamina vitæ,
Vt ſcribas operâ plurima digna tuâ.

IACOBUS BERNARD ſacroſanctæ & individuæ Trinitatis Colleg in artibus magiſter.

In Authorem, amiciſſimum ſuum, *Encomiaſticon.*

THE priviledge that pen and paper finde
'Mongſt men, falls ſhort, reflecting to the minde,
Vertue herſelfe, no other worth diſplayes,
Than cankred cenſure, leaves behinde, as rayes.
But mentall Cabonets, are they, that yeeld
No forfiture to battring Critickes ſhield:
If thoughts might character deſerts, I dare
Challenge my penſill for the largeſt ſhare:
But when the Vultures of our age muſt gnaw,
We ceaſe for modeſtie, and ſay, tis law.
It's ſafer farre, to faile of debt, than t'be
Paringin tearmes that badge of flattery.
I hate the name, and therefore freely give
My verdict thus, as may have power to live
'Gainſt calumnie. If wit and learning may
Paſſe with applauſe, the authour hath the day.
Crownd be thoſe browes with everlaſting Bayes,
Whoſe worth a paterne is to future dayes.
'Tis not a Poem dropt from ſtrength of grape,
That's debter to the wines inſpiring ſap,
Nee to himſelfe alone. Ceaſe urging, earth,
The father well deſerve, ſo faire a birth.
And if a witneſſe may be lawfull, then
We undertak't ſhall feare no vote of men.
But where-in Artis bold it ſelfe to glory
Is that which crownes the verge of *Whitings* ſtory.

Io. Roſſe.

To his friend, a Panagericke upon his lovers *Albino* and *Bellama.*

THough I have vowd a ſilence, and as yet
Reſolved not to travell out in jet,
Chiefly in Print, yet your intending preſſe
Makes me, my thoghts with courage, language, dre
With ſmooth-ſtraind meeter, that the world m
My ſtrict engagements, & how much I owe (kn
To you your worth, which may command a line,
From him which ſwears gainſt all, but what's divi
The higneſſe of your ſtile, the quickneſſe, life,
Will in judicious readers raiſe a ſtrife,
(More than the Ball amongſt th'engoddeſt three)
Which gaines, the beſt, but all are beſt by mee,
Matchleſſe in my conceit: adde then to theſe
The neatneſſe of your plots, and ſweare a pleaſe
To the grim Stoick, and the Satyr'd brow
Forceth delight, through ſtrictneſſe, neatneſſe, vow
Grow abler ſtill in phanſie, impe thy quill,
Write any thing, if ſomething, feare not ill,
If poeſie be thus revenged by thy dreame,
How will it flouriſh when'ts thy morning theame?
Sleeping or waking, let us have thy quill,
And ſleepe and Vigils ſhall admire thy skill.

I. Pickerin

Imprimatur.

Sa. Baker.

Iune 22. 1637.

THE PLEASING HISTORY OF *ALBINO* AND *BELLAMA.*

WHen *Britiſh Iſles* begirt with moiſtned ſand,
Neptunes blew pallace, & the *Tritons* walk,
Albania hight, her name who firſt did land
Of all the Siſters, or from rocks of chalke;
From ſad oppreſſion had unyoakt their necks,
And payd obedience unto *Adell's* beckes.

Then in thoſe *Halcyon* dayes of peace and joy,
A vertuous Lady moſt tranſcendent creature,
Fairer then her whoſe beautie cyndar'd *Troy*;
Grace deckt her minde, her mind grace her feature,
So that each part made *Helen* out of date,
And every grace a goddeſſe could create.

Vertue and beautie both in her did ſtrive
Which ſhould in worth and grace ſurpaſſe the other,
Nor age of conſiſtency, both did thrive
Till this *Dian'* out-rayde, that *Cupids* mother.
Nay men by beames of her cleare beautie might
Scale *Titans* Chariot, and out-ray his light.

'Mongst Natures precious things we finde a jem,
Blushed and purpled ore with *Amathistes*,
Which fiery Carbuncles with sparkles hem,
And which the Emraulds purest vert entwists,
Meeting so well that Lapidaries wist,
'Twas Emraulde, Carbuncle and Amathist.

So in this precious Payre, pure *Agathite*,
Aurora's purpling blush was clearely seene,
Saba's bright Rose, and *Leda's* Swan-like white,
The true proportion of *Adonis* Queene.
Blended so well, that in this curious frame,
Aurora, Saba, Leda, Venus came.

And as the hony-making waxen thigh'de
Inhabitants of *Hyblaes* fragrant vailes,
Whom onely Natures dimme instinct does guide,
Chuse their commander with their tuneful haile,
Pay homage, honour him, and feare his frowne
With same observance, as the people, Crownes.

So by the same instinct the blushing Rose,
Vail'd bonnet to her cheekes admired red,
The Lillyes to her bosome, brow and nose,
The *Phœnix* stript her selfe to Crowne her head:
The chirping Choristers with willing choyce,
Sat silent to admire her warbling voyce.

Perfum'd *Arabia* with her Spice and Gummes,
Payde homage to the odours of her lips;
To her with fawning postures, lickes and humm
The yellow Lyon and the Tyger skips:
Fire dares not scorch her face, nor winter chill h
And death himself lookt pale whē cald to kill h

The amorous Sunne if ſhee walkt out by day
Would veine his jennets to behold her face,
And wrapt in admiration, by his ſtay
Had rather melt the Orbes than mend his pace;
And if the middle Ayre in walles of jet
Enjoyde his beames, hee thawed into wet.

If in the raigne of ſilent night, abroade
Shee rang'd, the Empreſſe of the loweſt Spheare
Amaz'd at her perfections, left her roade,
And rang'd about, where ſhee appear'd t' appeare.
Nay mourn'd in darkneſſe if denide her ſight,
As when dayes Hanchman does deny her light.

The curled tapers of the Firmament
Did ceaſe to twinke, but gaz'd with fixed eyes,
In their owne Orbe refuſing to be pent,
And ſtrove to leape upon the lower skies:
Nay did oth' ſecond Ayre like Comets hang
To dart their criſpes at beauties onely ſpang.

The Sea-borne Planet popped out her Lampe,
And t' ſee her ſelfe out-ſhind by her, did rage,
The marching War-god did remoove his campe,
With faire Lady Curtaine warre to wage:
Hermes by *Jove* being of an errand ſent,
Stay'd on her face, in her embraces pent.

Dull-aged *Saturne* (on whoſe ſullen brow
Nere dwelt a Smile ſince *Jove* uſurpt his Crowne)
To gaze on her his waightie head did bow,
And with a ſmile un-plaited every frowne;
Nay *Jove* himſelfe deſcended from his chayre
To take a full ſurvay of this—this fayre.

And more, her winning looks dispers'd such charme
All eyes commanding, and all hearts surprizing,
That *Venus* bad her Sonne provide him armes,
Fearing his setting by this bright Starres rising:
For though men say loues eyes are more then dim
Yet her faire beautie did enlighten him.

But with entreaties he had beate the Ayre,
And on the Tawney-moore his waters cast;
For having pow're to conquer, being faire,
Sh'ad pow're not to be conquerd, being chaste:
So that his amorous sleights and winged arrow
Could not have op't her breast, o peirc'd her man
(row

This Phœnix was *Bellama* call'd (a word
Well suiting her deserts) shee daughter was
And heire apparant to a wealthy Lord,
Who had more acres, then an acre, grasse:
He lou'd his lands, and hugd his minted treasure
Yet his *Bellama* was his soule of pleasure.

His place of residence was in a Chace (oake
Checkquerd with thick-growne thornes and sturd
Wherein majestick Stags and Buckes did pace
That scornd the hounds, & dard the barbed stroake
'Twas called *Riuelount*, not distant far
From *Starley*, of that shire, the metro-Star.
(thunde
The neighbouring swaines were pauld with coach
And loud curvaitings of their foaming Steeds,
Whose irond hoofes did crash the rockes in sunder
Happie was he, who (sheath'd in costly weeds)
Could win admission to this happie place,
Where Natures wealth was lockt up in a face.

Ea

Each glance ſhee ſent the object did engem,
And he that wan a ſmile poſſeſſd a mine,
A haire was prized at a Diadem,
A ribban made the treade the ecliptick line;
A ring out-face a thunder, but a kiſſe
Was the elixar, heart and ſoule of bliſſe.

Some, of their lands, ſome, of their valours ſpoke,
Some, of their Falcons and their merry bels;
Some, reade the price of ſuch a ſuite and cloake,
And one of hounds and running horſes tells;
All ſpeake of ſomething, yet but few with wis,
All aim'd at wiſe, yet few could purchaſe it.

Some ſpake in oathes, as if they thought the earth
Was peopled ore with faithleſſe infidells,
Another ſwore, becauſe he feard a dearth
Of other Language, yet in oathes excells:
All ſweare enough, and he that did it leaſt
Might be grand ſwearer at Ven-*Bacchus* feaſt.

Others there were that could not bigly prate,
Who did their evidences bring with them;
One brought his halls to plead, one his eſtate,
This brought a Watch to court and that a Gem;
One brought a large deſcent white and blacke,
Which derived from old *Pergams* Sack.

One brought a reverent Syre, whom he cald Father,
To be the tongue of his reſerved Sonne;
Others with much expence of wax did gather
Some printed Rimes to ſpeak when they were gone;
All had their ſpeakers w^th^ unclaſp'd their graces,
Yet their court-language dwelt on plaits & places.

One of these Suters was approov'de to be
A match whose thousands æqu-ballanc'd hers,
The parents oft would say, this shall be he,
The mother then a bill of loue prefers.
But still *Bellama* faults, and vowes, that gold
Shall never force her loue to haue and hold.

The testy Father with a furrow'd brow
Comes to *Bellama* with demanding why?
Sayes mine owne girle thou must be ruled now,
Each tener payes duty to Don *Fuco's* eye: (treasures
And age well knowes Bean-mannours, lands and
Doe cement lovers hearts, & injoy their pleasures.

Thou must not Wench be coy, alas! we finde
Beautie as easily bought when money bids,
(Though 't be ith' Non-such of the female kinde,
As Horse or Cow, the Lambe, or frisking Kids:
If he be rich, we beare his witlesse brags,
A wealthy foole's more worth then witty rags.

Bellama with a looke fraught with disdaine,
(Though hatred did not make her anger bold)
Sayes Sir, I'me sorry you doe entertaine
Such high conceits of folly hemde with gold:
Thinke you no marriage good if equall lands
Be not match-makers and doe joyne their hands,

Don *Fuco* has ten thousand pounds a yeare,
With weightie titles would oreloade a Mule,
A piece of Arras finely wrought and deare;
But does he square his life to vertu's rule?
With vice, as wealth to count-lesse sums he thriues
But is, in vertue, full as poore, as wiues.

He

He knowes to steere an horse, and holloe hounds,
But not to guide his actions, lesse his tongue:
He speakes in state, but ev'ry sentence sounds
Of Comick fragments, or some Taverne song.
And shall I him, hail'd by unworthy pelfe,
Take to rule me, who cannot rule himselfe?

Shall I see other female vessels thrive
With mine owne Nectar, and they fee'd with mony,
Whilst I, like carefull Bee, doe keepe my hive,
And work the combe for them to suck the hony?
No, I'le no sharers have in my delight,
I'le have it one, and onely, else good night.

'Tis a fine thing to see a Satten paint
That feares to loose her beauty in a presse,
That onely cares to be precisely quaint,
And spends a twelve-months pleasure on a dresse;
To see this stroke his honour, and he clip her,
Span ev'ry part, and unresisted lip her.

But I doe not in a rank humour raile
'Gainst sober purples, and discreeter robes,
Nor lock up vertues in the paper-jayle (globes,
With Ink-hornes, Pens, Spheares, Globes and *Albo*-
Religion on my heart does love en-neale
To those bright Tapers of our Common-weale.

Yet where, in stead of state, proud lookes do dwell,
Where wit and wisedome are unlockt with oathes,
Courte-ship and comelinesse are in the shell,
And honour onely sits upon the cloathes,
Pardon, if unto such I plait my brow,
And steere my thought unto a virgine-vow.

Fye, sayes the father, you'r a foolish girle,
'Gainst *Ermins* with that heightned spleen to raile,
Dost think there's vice and folly in an Earle ?
Then vertue sure does penance in the jayle.
To kisse and sport with us is held no sin,
If that our dalliance doe not passe the skin.

Perchance 'tis not a point of state to have
To large a stock of wisedome in this age,
The Epithete to greatnesse is not grave ;
Those that the Muses in their celles incage,
Let them speak oyle and civet: but we are Lords
Can speak by signes, and not expres't by words.

Wherefore doe we to *Sable* give the roome,
And greater numbers farre of *Adels* stampes,
Then to our Stewart, or our Ladies groome,
'Cause with reproofs he our choice pleasures damps?
No, cause in dedications he should name us,
And by some witty pamphlet make us famous.

Our morall vertues are no guiding rule
To high Nobility, or looking glasse,
No more then t'earth the *ne plus ultra's* Thule,
As 'fore *America* was found, it was.
Tis fit for those, whose bosome-friends are lice,
To know the paine, not sweet delights of vice.

Dost see yon' tender webs *Arachne* spins,
Through which with ease the lusty Bumbles break,
But to the feeble gnats that mesh their gins,
So those sage precepts which our Sophisters speake,
Fetter the passions of each worthlesse slave ;
But over us no soveraigne awe they have.

My

My Lord, the name of Father ſtrikes, quoth ſhe,
An awfull dread, and makes my eare obey,
Yet ſlip my duty downe unto the knee,
And in my ſilent thoughts, check, chide, and ſay,
Can they that taſte forbidden waters, thrive?
My chaſte demeanour I will ne're ſurvive.

T'avoid the doom of —— therfore I'le make choyce
Of one, whoſe vertue outs all love to vice,
Not thoſe ſleek skins which am'rous are in voyce,
Lip-love, which as ſoone borne, dies in a trice.
Our loves reciprocall ſhall be ſtill duſt,
Which into exile packes unlawfull luſt.

As they diſcourſt, *Don Fuco* entred in,
With ſtately garbes befitting ſuch an one,
His body ſhelled in a Satten skin
Of azure dye, beſtar'd with Topaz ſtone,
A milke white Bever, with an Oſtrich plume,
His very rowels ſpake a lowd perfume.

Having compos'd his hinged lookes, he glanc'd
With piercing eyes upon her curious face,
And ſteeping ſighes in teares and ſweat, advanc'd
Himſelfe to plead with courtly garb and grace.
But *Fucus* lead by moſt mimetick Apes,
Could not depinge *Don Fuco's* antick ſhapes.

Such were the poſtures of his hands and eye,
That had he treaſur'd up his mirthfull tones,
They were ingredients for a Comedy,
Would into laughter change a widowes grones:
And ſince that time (*Bellama* ſmil'd ſo then)
Love in her dimpled cheekes has found a den.

Madam, sayes he, be pleas'd to trutinate,
And wisely weigh your servants gracefull voyce,
Give due attendance to the ayres of state,
I have engraven you *Don Fuco's* choyce.
Give free assent, and let the scornfull no
Be quite expunged from the Chrisse-crosse row.

Alas, I'me not beholding unto letters,
Wherewith our Rabbies stuffe their swelling books
I have a way of complementing better,
To win thy love with comely garbes and lookes.
And if these faile, the name of *Counteſſe* will
Speake with a power above the *Sidney*-skill.

I hate long-winded sentences, which doe
Vnbreath a man, and hazard much his bellowes,
Or pocket-flashes, which instruct to wooe,
The onely vertues of some Ink-horne fellowes.
I scorn their trothes, indods, their ifs or ands.
Or their *O Lord sir*, when their wit's oth' sands.

A fluent Rascall that can speake in oyle,
And cloath his words with silken eloquence,
Iknow may give a virgine strength the foyle.
But a blunt Earle, that scarcely speakes in sence,
Whom thousands honour with the cap and leg,
Beares downe a Fortresse like a *Roaring Meg*.

He needs no *Roscian* language, but does send
His velvet-coated Herauld to proclaime
The noble Titles which his worth attend:
For honour is th'ambitious Ladies aime.
Feature and spiced words but lead the Van,
Honour the Front, the Noble is the Man.

My Lord, sayes she, your valour I approve,
That with three *Selves* thus warranteth your suit,
With *Selfe-conceit*, *Selfe-confidence*, *Selfe-love*,
Such trees will beare your Lordship glorious fruit,
It well befits your greatnesse not to thinke,
There can denyals dwell in aire or inke.

Your trencher-clokes, and your Recognizance,
Your coate of Armes with noble Ermines dight,
Your *Russian* Satten, with the cut of *France*,
Your talking rowels, and your feathred white,
Are battring rams, & guns, that speak in thunder,
To crack a breast, and split a heart in sunder.

But my minde is, *Diana's* chastest seat,
O're which the breath of greatnesse hath no power,
The quiver-bearing boy sounds a retreat,
And *love* availes not with his yellow showre,
The vestall fire out-shines blinde *Cupids* flame,
Which oft's eclips'd with sorrow, dampt with (shame.
And, troth, my Lord, had I but wit enough,
T'assist your Lordship in your nuptiall *tede*,
Your Lordship shold not play at blind mans blough,
(Else heavens should renounce their *Ganimede*)
For they that purblinde are, may plainly see,
You grosly hoodwinkt are in courting me.

The faults of state I cannot *Vertues* name,
And beare my selfe upon the wings of pride,
Nor light my Taper at anothers flame,
Or use the Art at beauties eventide.
I brooke not dalliance, or the *Venus* kisse,
That way of am'rousnesse, or that, or this.

I can

I cannot seale a welcome with an oath,
To those whose absence I had rather have,
Nor venture hundreds at that paper-sloath
Of Mistresse *Isbel* and the *Pennell-knave*.
I know no masking postures, nor with grace,
Can treade the *Brawles*, or true *Currantoe* pace.

I cannot at the feast of ryot sit,
When sea, land, aire, are served up in plate,
Not like *Tripherus*, with a carving wit,
Read precepts this and this to dissecate,
Nor in deare Murrin charged to the brim,
Health it about untill our mullets swim.

I do not love to have my husband be
Discreet by *Proxee's*, by his Chaplaines wise,
Nor doe I like the toomuch cringing knee,
Whose formall bends his black conceits disguise.
Those fawning sharkes I cannot call to table,
Which into *Ermins* change your Lordships sable.

To have my usher presse his masters saddle,
In my opinion cannot passe for good,
I doe not love to have my pillow addle,
Mean while my woman lets your Lordship blood.
I am no *Androgyne*, nor doe delight
To diet Pages, or your *Catamit*.

Madam, what passion does untune your minde?
What fiend (sayes he) in you thus rails on greatnesse?
Who viceth honour, lyes, and he is blinde (nesse.
That sayes Court-sattens are not trimd with neat-
Speak then in Balmes, forget the peevish, why?
And so the *Wilt thou have this?* —— answer *I*.

No,

No, no, ſayes ſhe, yet might I know your Saint,
If my endevours can advantage you,
With your endowments I would her acquaint,
And limbe your rare perfections in her view.
In this one act I may my ſelfe approve
More loving, then in entertaining love.

I'le ſay with what dexteritie you can
Run o're the poſtures of the court-ſalute,
How trimly you can kiſſe a Ladies Fan,
And neatly manage an embroydred ſute.
How finely Spaniſh leg-ſhells you can plaite,
And tune your rowels at the court retraite.

I might ſay you are witty, if't be true,
That jeſts and gingles are in brother-hood,
Ile ſpeak your skill in Haukes, at flight in mue,
And at all hunting ceremonies good:
How gracefully you wave your gallant plumes,
And deeply are engag'd to deep perfumes.

How kind you are unto our chamber-ſhees,
How to our Marmoſets and trencher-pages,
How oylie-fingerd unto ſupple knees,
How faine to th'muſick of our wyer cages.
How quaintly you ſupply the Vſhers roome,
How ſweetly you can act the privy-groome.

Much more in blazoning your matchleſſe worth,
And counting all your ſpecials, might I ſay.
But nature ne're a ſecond did bring forth,
Which to ſuch known perfections can ſay nay.
Ile ceaſe to praiſe them, leſt my praiſes make
Your veines of pride with ſelfe-conceit to ake.

I will

I will performe what I have promis'd, Sir,
Please you t'impart your Lady to my maid,
I see my words your liver-wort does stir
Into your face, which in your channels straid.
No more of treuble then, my Lord adiew.
This courteous doore divorceth me and you.

Away flings she, and leaves my Lord alone,
More pensive then a widow, which bedewes
Her husbands corps with teares, a womans moane,
Or then the *Lupa* of diseased stewes:
So that who saw his jigging head would sweare,
Wisedome nor wit did ne're inhabite there.

Don Riuelezzo sent a smiling glance,
That they might his consent read in his eye;
But seeing *Fuco* in a stupid trance,
He was possest with equall phrentezy,
The mother came to th' rescue, and well nigh
Sent her own wit to boare theirs company.

Faine would he tell the cause of his disasters,
And eagerly her parents strove to know it,
Yet strangely, them this passion over-masters,
That neither they could aske, nor he could show it,
As though an *Incubus* with vaprous throngs,
Enclaspt their bosomes, and un-voyc'd their (tongues.
At length *Don Fuco* cry'd, *Bellama* cruell,
What evill planet revelld at thy birth,
Or what incensed god provided fuell
To make me feele hells tortures upon earth?
Was there no way to punish me for sin,
But by a maid? No, there our woes begin,

Who

When I with admiration view'd her face,
I boldly durſt give any tongue the lye,
That dar'd to ſay, with ſuch ſupernall grace
There dwelt one *Atom* of this tyranny.
But —— if that virgines Hieroglyphicks be
Of love and mildneſſe, take them all for me.

I'le make a caſement with this ſteely blade,
In my full breaſt, through which my ſoule ſhal peep,
And make my heart in ſanguine liquor wade,
And intrals all in juyce of liver ſteepe.
Nay, ſtraight-way give hells Ferry-man his pay,
For wafting me o're black *Cocytus* Bay.

Or unto *Proſerpine* I'le poſt a ſprite,
To fetch m' a cup of moiſt oblivion,
Wherewith the Fairy Queene exiled quite
Fury from her ſtout knight, and *Oberon*,
That I not onely may forget diſgrace,
But quite forget I ever ſaw her face.

Let not, ſayes *Rinelda*, a peeviſh girle,
Hang fetters on your heart, untune your ſoule:
Dwels there not courage with a worthy Earle,
Blinde *Cupids* bow and quiver to controule.
My Lord, take heed, the quinting boy works treaſon,
By paſſions to diveſt your ſoule of reaſon,

He by his ſlye inſinuations oft
A good opinion in the heart doth win:
The moſt obdurate are by him made ſoft,
And homage pay to *Love* their ſoveraigne ſin.
Fire's in nor hurts the Flint, but *Cupid* can
With flames to cinders waſte the Flinty man.

A wily fisher-man hath store of baites,
Wherewith for Amorists he wisely angles,
With glittring pompe he for th'ambitious waites,
The greedy Carle with silver twists entangles:
The silke-lascivious with a wanton eye,
The austere Stoick with a modest Fye.

The studious Templant he with *Ergo* calles,
The grave precisian with a matrone grace,
The vertuous minde with vertue he enthralles,
A landed heire with a blusht-lilly face.
For Epicurean love he wisely trowles,
With spiced rarities and frothing bowles.

The crosse-adorers he with crossing catches,
Yet strange it is that crossing should joyne hands,
But to Sir *Love-all*, all are equall matches,
Grace, beauty, feature, honour, vertue, lands,
This has a dainty hand; that, lip, or eye,
This chaste, that seeming, that will not deny.

None are love-free, unlesse uncapable
Of those choyce blessings *Venus* sole-sonne proffers;
None, whom age, fortune, nature does enable
With peevish noes, neglecteth *Hymens* offers.
All are inclin'd to love, and all must bow,
If *Cupids* arrow doe but write, *Love thou*.

Invest your noble thoughts with courage, *Don*,
Let reason, maugre love, triumphant ride,
Millions of Ladies breath in *Albion*;
Have more Rose-lillies, and lesse store of pride.
Ile warrant, though *Bellama* now say noe,
Shee'l finde ere long, denyall was her foe.

Hah!

Hah! quoth *Don Fuco*, with a far-fetcht figh,
Which all that time was drencht o're-head in griefe,
Am I to black *Cocytus* yet drawne nigh?
Where are th'*Elizian* ſhades, thou tottred thiefe?
Call *Rhadamanthus* forth, juſtice Ile have,
Or in his breaſt my ſteele ſhall dig a grave.

Call forth the *Furies* with their ſnakie haires,
Pale-cheekt *Erynnis*, and her ſiſter Hagges,
Tell *Nemeſis* Ile fetch her downe the ſtaires,
And try what truth dwels in her wrathfull bragges.
Diſpoyſon Vipers, Toades, and crawling Adders,
And with their venom ſtretch her ſpacious blad-
(ders.

Bid *Cerberus* belch from his triple jawes,
A barking thunder which the earth may ſhake:
Ile fetch the Dragons and the Scorpions pawes
From the full Zodiaque, her face to rake.
Come forth *Demagoras*, thy cunning try,
To masque all beauty with a leproſie.

We will no more our Lilly-ſtems tranſplant,
And ſet our Roſes on their cheekes and lippes,
Their fairneſſe ſhall not hence ſurpaſſe the Ante,
Their crymſon dye, the brick or writhled hips.
Beauty ſhall be exilde, deſpight ſhall end her,
Or elſe weel change her to another gender.

The *Thracian* Harper was a ſilly Aſſe,
That for his wife paſt through the *Stygian* ſtench,
The *Club-mans* foolerie did his ſurpaſſe,
That ſpun and carded for a *Lidian* wench. (ſtrumpet,
The *Greekes* were fooles, that for a light-skirt
Chang'd the ſtil vial to a lowd-mouthd trumpet.

Ioves

Ioves Black-smith was no privie Counseller,
To marry *Venus* for the sore-head Hagge,
The jolly Huntsman sure did something erre,
To see a goddesse, and become a Stagge.
Iove was no golden showre, sure 'twas a gull,
Nor e're transform'd himselfe into a Bull.

Peace good my Lord, *Don Rivelo* sayes,
What uncouth passion doth your soule en-trance,
Your words are like the *Bacchinalian* layes,
Wherewith the Priests their god of wine enhance.
What, man, though this fond she from you did start,
Another I say, *My Lord, with all my heart.*

Observe the practise of Doves masculine,
Which woo their females, with *I come to woe,*
Not in a fit of woman cry and whine,
Straight to another haste, if she sayes noe.
If to one face, our stock of love we ope,
We pinion *Cupids* wings, and fetter hope.

Bellama slights; what then? shall we conclude,
All women will deny you their assent?
A strange induction; Call all Ladies lewd:
'Cause *Flora* and some few to *Venice* went
Amongst a thousand maids, theres scarcely two,
As coy *Bellama* now hath done, will doe.

Wherefore created were those glorious lights,
Which in the azure firmamen appeare?
Why was dayes Charrioter with lustre dight?
Onely to guild with rayes his proper Spheare?
No, to lend bright nesse to the borrowing lampes,
And cleare the earth from nights obscuring damps.

Why

Why has Dame *Nature* so much brightneſſe lent
To Diamonds, Topazes, and other gems?
Onely t'enrich themſelves? no, to augment
The glory of our rings and Diadems,
The Oſtridge for himſelfe weares not his plumes,
Nor for's owne noſe the Civet Cat perfumes.

So on our ſpruceſt Ladies, matchleſſe graces
Were not beſtowed, to delight themſelves.
Pandora was not treaſur'd up in faces,
To bring content unto poſſeſſing elves.
But 'cauſe our *Hero's* ſhould the comfort finde
Of winning beauty and a willing minde.

The maid of *Babylon*, I know, was faire,
And rich in all the lineaments of beauty;
Yet was ſhe kinde, which did not them empaire,
But ſhew'd to Natures heſtes her forward duty:
For Natures bounty beſt requited is,
By yeelding free aſſent to *Hymens* bliſſe.

The Queen of *Carthage* deare reſpects beſtowd
Vpon the ſtraggling Prince of ruin'd *Troy*.
Choyce love unto *Leander*, *Hero* ſhowd:
The *Cyprian* goddeſſe woo'd her ſappey boy.
All fraught with pitty, but that peeviſh girle,
'Bout whoſe ſleek waiſte hels vipers winde & twirle.

Nor ſuch examples wants our lateſt age,
Of virgine-lovers theſe to parallell
Who, ev'ry way, thoſe former equipage,
With whom records and moderne pamphlets ſwell.
Then courage *Don*, feare not to finde a face,
That hath more pitty, and more lovely grace.

Much

Much ease (quoth *Fuco*) to my love-sick heart,
My Lord, is by your sage advisement brought,
For I suppos'd, th' *Idalian* yonkers dart,
Had festred so, no easement could be bought:
I on her lookt through such a pleasing glasse,
As though that sex in her contracted was.

I thought t'have sent my Physick Doctor forth
Vnto his Herball, to addresse my ill,
T'ask *Æsculapius* for some earth-borne worth,
Which might accomplish my intended will.
But that tis sayd, *Apollo* once complaind,
No hearb to cure loves fevers could be gaind.

Whilst an opinion of her matchlesse grace,
Scorched my bosome with affections gleames,
Mine eyes ne're straggled to another face,
Nor could I bathe my thoughts in *Letbes* streames;
But now Ile sound retrait, reclaime my minde,
Not catch a falling staare, nor graspe the winde.

This said, with sparkling sack he washt the lane,
Which to the Limbeck of his body leades,
Health to *Bellama*, and a health againe,
Till, where his feet, his winged Bever treades,
So well he took his sack without a tost,
That 'stead of kissing her, he kist the post.

Dispassiond quite, as in a breathlesse calme,
Don Rivelezzo bids *Don Fuco* view,
But hooted lowdly like a shrill-ton'd shalme,
When his swift steed tooke farewell of his view.
Accursing Fate, and railing on his daughter,
Which might beget in *Heraclitus* laughter.

Have

Have I (sayes he) such *Crassian* heapes of gold,
Condemn'd to sleepe in iron-ribbed chests?
Did I delight in vestments course and old,
Wherein *Anthropophages* have dug them nests?
Nay, wisht there were no taverne-juyce, or sports,
Or change of fashions, but in Princes Courts?

Have I sate brooding o're my treasur'd plate,
And sum'd the surplusage of each yeares rent,
Confin'd my spendings to a weekly rate,
Enjoynd a penance when th'allowance spent?
And when an Earle tun'd every grace to win her,
She slights his vowes, nor gales nor gold can pin (her.
But since she slights my matches, I will match her,
She shall of peevishnesse the harvest reape,
Since this *Dons* matchlesse fortunes could not catch (her.
I shall ere long make her affections cheap.
Her love shall stoope to court a common Farme,
A Lordship then shall scorne to fold an arme.

My Lord, her mother Lady *Ardasayd*,
A parents ire ought not to force assent,
Wealth blend with vice can ne're disheart a maide,
To whom blest vertue is the choyce content.
There's other things doe maids affections stirre,
Beside a Mannour, and a *Please you Sir*.

Madame (quoth he) in vaine you doe excuse
Your daughters folly with your friendly aire,
The next I offer she shall not refuse.
Sirrah, goe harnesse straight my wheeling chaire:
Ile try if lesse content and pleasure dwells
In Princes courts, then in Monastick cells.

When

When he was coach'd, the Lady *Arda* went
To faire *Bellam'*, bedew'd with streaming teares,
The gods, sayd she, have ravel'd thy content,
Sorrowes uncomfort will thy virgine yeares:
For unto *Darwey* does thy father haste,
Where he will vow thee everlasting chaste.

Madam, sayes she, I feed on nought but gall,
Aloes and Rue, 'cause of my fathers wrath,
Th'occasion though of his displeasure, shall
With Bayes, in stead of Cypresse, strew my path.
When vertue seales the contract, welcome *Hymen*
But till that, ever shall my heart deny men.

Thus sate they parling: Lady *Arda* urg'd
Producing reasons to enforce assent:
Bellama answer'd, beg'd, excus'd, and purg'd
Herselfe from blame, by urging love, content.
But urging and excusing, let them sit,
And see the father champing on the bit.

Who comming to the cage of virgine-pride,
Knockt at the wicket with the iron crow,
To whose small neck white phillets nere were tyde,
Which in more ancient dayes did child-bed show.
He rapt so hard, the sound did fright the aire,
Yet still none came, none was not lockt in prayer.

At length the Ianitor, of stature large,
With Crozier staffe, girt in a haire-cloath Frock,
Whose meagre lookes did call for *Charons* Barge,
And all whose body was a sapless stock,
Came, and with churlish voyce, demanded who
With such shrill hoh's rejoyc't their civill croe?

Friend

Friend, sayes my Lord, my errand wings my speed,
Speakes high importance with the Prioresse:
Thou in these Angell-lookes my haste mayst read;
Helpe me to th' presence of the Abbatesse.
The Porters heart soone stept into his eye,
Tuning his language to a quick reply.

My Lord, sayes he, obedience is my duty,
Whilst your commands speak in so high a tone,
Yet lest your *smooth chind youths* lay siege to beauty,
Your Lordship spight of state must walk alone.
I am an Eunuch, else in vaine I vow'd,
I had mistook my pillow in a crowd.

Him he conducted to the Kitchin, where
Store of Anatomies imployed was;
Some did the candle-stickes, some lavers cleare,
Some scowred pewter, some reburnisht brasse,
Don askes the cause: the Porter him acquaints,
'Twas gainst a Feast of high account, *All-Saints!*

Within the Hall, a yonger sort of Girles,
Yet course enough, did brush vermilion lookes,
Some, crosses rub'd; some, ropes of praying pearles:
Some dusted vestments; some, their guilded bookes.
Some kneaded wafers, and his effige stampt,
Whose purple streames the Dragons sulphures dampt.

All at *Don Rivelezzo* were amaz'd:
And, looking, one rub'd off a nose of wax,
A second raz'd a cheek, another gaz'd,
And pluckt from *Kath'* her periwigge of flax.
One blinded *Serrat*, and did rend her silke,
One broke the cruze, and spilt the virgine-milke.

Don

Don past through these into an inner roome,
Where was another rank of virgine-fry,
Some weaving Arras on the nimble loome,
And inter-twisting gold with tapestry,
With silke of *Naples* twisted in small ropes,
Some did the *Cowles* embroider, some the *Copes*.

At last he came into an upper place,
Climbing thereto by richly guilded staires,
Where sate another troope of nobler race,
On quilted Cushions, and in Ivorie Chaires,
About the center, in a robe of state,
The matrone *Vesta* of the Virgines sate.

These were employd about farre nobler things:
For some of Sainted haire did bracelets twine:
Others strung Beades to stint the knees of Kings:
Some trim'd with costly Gems the Ladies shrine.
One tun'd the musick, and a witty other,
Footed an *Ave* to the Virgine-mother.

The grave old Matrone crawling from her throne
Of Indian teeth, archt o're with cloth of gold,
Vpon her aged knees with zealous tone,
Sayes, Heavens messenger, what is't you would?
Th'amazed Lord with wonder quarreld long,
E're he could unvoyce his silenc'd tongue.

Madam, sayes he, why pay you reverence?
Why are you guilty of th'adoring sin?
'Tis a delusion of your weakned sence,
I am no *Cherub*, *Pow're*, nor *Seraphin*:
The Heraulds stile me *Rivelezzo's Don*,
Your friend and servant with a cap and con---

My Lord, quoth she, excuse my fond mistake,
For o're my sight I weare a duskish glasse,
My zeale in pious actions sure did make
Me give you more respects then civill was.
But take your seate, and if my power or skill
Can crowne your wishes, be you sure I will.

Madam, sayes he, I have a scornfull Lasse,
Whom Nature has enricht with speciall grace,
To whose perfections her reflecting glasse
Is parasite; addes pride unto her face:
So that, though Earldomes court her, her disdaine
Non-suites their service, and her brow un-plaines.

Into your number of chaste-zealous shees,
Entrance unto this girle vouchsafe, I pray,
Vnto your order, I the constant fees
Of gold and acres, and of vowes will pay:
Since she *Don* slighted, I have vowd to see
How long shee'l honour the religious knee.

Quoth she, those virgines which my hallowd roofe
Does canopy, my prudence does protect:
I make blinde love and folly stand aloofe,
And all loves paper-plots I doe detect.
Great ones have oft assayd, but yet my care
Has buried their intreaties in the aire.

With godly precepts I enrich their mindes,
And make them (which is rare) at eighteen good,
Admit no Roysters, onely Maids and Hindes
To doe them service, and prepare us food.
Please you to send your daughter, she shall be
Crownd with delights of most transcendent glee.

Heavens, sayes *Don*, crowne your ensuing dayes
With all delights which wait your holy orders:
May the sad Cypresse, and the Bridall Bayes,
Ne're sprigge nor blossome in your quiet borders.
Ile plume my swift endevours, I'le make haste,
T'inveſt *Bellama* with your habits chaste.

When *Dons* farewell had ceast to move the aire,
Sayes *Piazzella* to her virgine traine,
We, with th'enjoyment of this Lady faire,
Shall stuffe our Carkanets with mickle gaine.
Wee'l frolicke it, and taste the choyceſt pleasures;
Nor shall our joyes be listed in with measures.

The credulous world we gull with silver shrines,
Our grave behaviours, and retired lives,
When we in naked truth are Libertines,
And taste the pillow-joyes of sprightfull wives,
When through the vault our lusty shavelings pace
All the choyce measures of delight to chase.

Thus leave them with their haire-lacke crownes,
And see *Rivelezzo* now ariv'd at home,
Who by that time had plaind his brow from frowns
And all be-calmd with sugred words doth come:
Then tels his Lady he had found a towre,
Would guard *Bellama* from *Ioves* yellow showre.

Servants are posted to the old Exchange,
Others to sellers of the silke-wormes spoyles,
Some to briske *Proteuſſes*, smirke Taylors range.
Some to the *Stationers*, some haste for oyles.
One carves the image of a martyrd Saint,
Another breathes a soule with gold or paints.

None must be idle, till in marshald rankes,
All things be ordred for this virgine-vow,
Farewell ye spongie teates, and puft-paste flankes,
Bellama's bridall *tede* is lighted now.
Her husband is *Virginitie*, yet looke, (booke.
Her beads for rings, for songs shee'l change her

The Coach is harnessed, *Bellama* come,
The father sayes, Hence with that dew of griefe,
Give not a sad adiew unto our home,
But in thy thoughts let comfort rule as chiefe.
She crav'd a blessing on her globe-like joynts,
Then coached thither where her Sire appoints.

As the sweet-voyced *Philomele* does sit
I'th piked *Eglantine*, with sorrow dreft,
'Cause some rude Sylvane in a raging fit,
Snatcht her faint-chickens from their downy nest.
So did the Lady *Arda* dight with mourning,
Deplore *Bellama's* losse with her returning.

As when slye *Reynald* in his widened jawes,
Is seizing on the nimbly-frisking lambe,
Or when the Tyger with his sharpned pawes,
Hath caught the infant of the becking damme.
And then the Shepheards care prevents the sharks,
One lowdly howles, the other hoarsly barkes.

So semblably, when as the waiting crew,
Saw the departing of their golden age,
One gives *Bellama*, with eye-dew, adiew,
Another griefe unlockt the phrenzie cage (bands,
Some tore their haire, some rent their shouldring
Some thwackt their breasts, and wrung their oyhe (hands.

But all in vaine, their *Indian* Mine was gone,
Their minting house deprived of the stampe,
Their costly gemmes were chang'd to pebbell stone,
Their Hemisphere forsaken by their lampe,
Saturne's exilde, *Jove* awes this massie Ball,
And now the Iron age un-goldeth all.

The wandring wheeles be-stud with Iron knobs,
Posted *Bellama* to the Virgin-tower,
Which freed her from the noyse of servile throbs;
Is entertained like a goddy power,
Led by the seeming Saints, unto the place,
Where sate *Pazzella* with a Matrone grace.

If *Rivelezzo's* presence frighted them,
Much more they at *Bellama* were amaz'd:
They cald her *Phœnix*, beauties onely gem,
And all with fixed tapers on her gaz'd:
Some had a meane, some curious were before,
But her first sight shewd selfe-conceit the dore.

For as when *Tithons* bride breakes out a farre,
And through th'expanse spreads forth her yongest light
She by degrees, pops out each twinkling star,
And dims at length the mistresse of the night.
As winter Chappel-clarks, when prayers are done
Dis-light each blazing wax, or tallow Sun.

So when *Bellama* brightly did appeare,
With mourning rayes in the Monastick hall,
She vail'd each face that moved in that spheare:
And further, by degrees un-faced all.
Nay, at the last, the mistresse of the traine,
Lookt like pale *Phœbe* in her darkned waine.

And

And as dayes Prince, light luſtres archy-beame,
Lends to the Moone her ſilver mid-night rayes,
As from the Ocean watry current ſtreame,
Though ev'ry cadent to that Chaos ſtrayes,
As to a roome be-fog'd with miſts of night,
Th'incenſed weekes do lend a mid-day light.

So to each brow, *Bellama's* brow gives white,
To ev'ry cheek, *Bellama's* cheek gave roſies:
To ev'ry eye, *Bellama's* eye gave ſight:
To ev'ry breath, *Bellama's* breath gave poſies:
To ev'ry part, *Bellama's* part gave grace:
To ev'ry face, *Bellama* gave a face.

Some cald her goddeſſe of the *Cyprian* Ile,
Some ſayd *Troyes* ruine was untombd againe,
Some her the ſelfe-enamourd boy did ſtile,
Some ſayd the Boat-boy did delude their traine.
One nam'd her thus, one ſayd ſhe was another,
But all confeſt ſh'exceeded *Cupids* mother.

The aged Patroneſſe with palſi'd lips,
Muttred a welcome to her lovely gueſt,
But at that time the Moone was in eclypſe,
Which with en-feebling feares did them arreſt.
Some ſhrilly ſcreamd, ſome brazen pans did clang,
To eaſe her travell, and abate her pang.

And when the monthly-horned Queen had got
Her face againe with ſilver glitter rayd,
Save onely what the Dragons taile does ſpot,
On their pale Lillies bluſhing Clarret ſtrayd:
Then did the aged voyce repeat againe,
Welcome faire Lady to my Mayden-traine.

Her instauration was somewhat strange,
Led by nine vestals (for th'odde number was
Highly esteemed in their sacred range,
As by the Poet in his quaffing glasse)
Each of her joynted Lillies one did hold,
Save onely that which waites the wedding gold.

Adornd with vestures, white as bleached snow,
A Cypresse mantell, over which was cast,
So lightly hung, 't would not abide a blow,
A milke white Ribben lockt unto her waste,
Grac'd with a crucifix: her slender wrists,
With praying beads were wreath'd on sable twists.

Grave *Pizzella* usherd her along,
Bravely attended with her choyseſt Nuns,
Without Drum, Trumpet, or an armed throng,
Or champing coursers, or the wide-mouth'd Guns,
Each held religion in some holy right,
With holy water, which the divels fright.

Into the place of holy worship, they
Entred, where gawdie superstition was,
Saints, Altars, store of crucifixes gay.
Whose stately worths my weak expression passe.
Scarce was there knowne a canonized Saint,
Which carving did not there beget, or paint.

With strong devotion all the virgines prayd,
At the direction of the praying Bead,
Their *Ave-Maries*, *Sanctos*, *Salve's* sayd,
Invoking ev'ry Saint to intercede.
Pizzra then, *Bellama* kneeling downe,
Did wreath her temple with the virgine-crowne.

These

Theſe rites perform'd, behinde an iron grate
Appeared breathing cowles, and walking copes,
Whoſe writhed lookes their births did ante-date,
And change the cyphers girdled in with ropes.
Their haire had purchas'd wings, and flew away.
So did their braines as ſome did whiſpring ſay.

Vnto this Monaſtry in gloomy ſhades,
From Croſtfull Priory theſe ſhavelings pace,
Diſtant from hence not two *Italian* ſtades,
Earths bloudleſſe womb was wimbled all the ſpace.
Vnder the craggy rocks and champian did
A road-way lye, from vulgar prying hid.

This darkſome path they uſually did tread,
To traffique with their ſhe-ſequeſtred zeale,
With whom for curtaine-dalliance oft they plead,
But their ſucceſſe my muſe dares not en-neale.
Theſe loving ſportings are not faults, the ſin
Is, when our walles keepe not the ſcandall in.

Amongſt the holy men that hither came,
To joyne their iſſue with the ſiſter-hood,
A votary, *Albino* cal'd by name;
Not *Fortunes* white-boy, yet of Abby-bloud:
His great-grand-father ſome few ages ſince,
Of *Glaſſenbury* Primate was, and Prince.

His ſtature did not reach the tip-toe height,
Nor with the long neckt *Cranes* did conflicts wage,
Something compleat by nature, not by ſlight,
Some twenty circled ſnakes ſum'd up his age,
Diſcreet as *Tyro's* are, had ſtore of wit,
In that he knew to uſe, and husband it.

By civill carriage, and his modest looke,
He gaind the love of his Lord Priorist,
He bowled, coursed, angled in the brooke,
His pleasure was his joy and pleasures list.
Oft would he rove (had his content a dearth)
Through th'hollow belly of th'un-boweld earth.

Sometimes permitted, sometimes by command
From his Lord Prior to the holy mother,
Convaying voyces, or the paper-hand
Oft-times alone, scarce sorted with another.
The Matron did with courteous eye respect him,
Knowing no ill of him, did not suspect him.

She oft would praise his Monkship to her traine,
Calling his breast blest vertues choyces shrine,
And vowd she seldome saw such beauty raigne
Upon a face thats purely masculine.
And 'twas not common at his yeares to finde
So neat a person with so pure a minde.

Hee'd freedome of discourse, not privacie,
Iests, sporting, laughter, and lip-dalliance;
Oft on *Bellama* would he fix his eye,
And she to him would answer glance for glance.
They gazd so long and oft, till they did tye
Their hearts together onely by the eye.

Loves fever at the casements of the soule
Entring, enflamed every secret part,
That passion now his reason doth controule,
And with the gyves of Love en-chaines his heart:
And walking with *Bardino*, seeking pleasures,
He did *Bellama* sing in lostie measures.

To

To his Companion in prayse of Bellama.

Do'st see you towring hills, you spreading trees,
Which wrap their lofty heads in clouds? dost see
Yon house of little worth, and lesser height?
Dost thinke a Iewell of ten thousand weight
Can dwell within that sootie Carkanet?
Dost think the gawdie Sun each night does set
And riseth from yon roofe? Dost think the Moone
With double horne, and glittring tapers, soone
Will issue thence? Didst ever see an eye
Which checkt the beames of awfull Majesty?
Dost thinke an earth-borne beauty can be found,
Which darts forth lustre from the sullen ground,
To kisse the glorious skies? or canst thou thinke
The Queene of beautie dwells in such a chinke?
Dost thinke? tis poore, why doe I question so?
Thou dar'st confirme all this by oath, I know,
Since my Bellama's *there, all life, all breath,*
Whose presence can enlive the soule of death,
Despight of sickly Nature: she is all faire
And truly meriteth Bellezza's *chaire.*
All those faire treasures which dispersed lye
'Twixt Poles and Parallels pay to her eye
And, with her span, contracted in her meet,
As radiant, red, white, smooth, soft, rich, and sweet,
She is the worlds Epitomy and soule,
And with her inch of earth, out-worths the whole.
Shee's beauties Archy-fount: as riv'lets small
Borrow from greater currents, and they all
Pay tribute to the Ocean, just so
The dimmer shafts of winged Cupids Bow,

Borrow from brighter, the brightest pay
Homage unto Bellama, *beauties day.*
I tell thee, there's not one small worth of hers,
But loudly sayes, that foppish nature errs
In other beauties: nor is this all, for why?
Her thoughts pluck starres, and darkth' imperiall skie.
Vertue and Beautie both: why 'tis as rare
As frosts in Iune, or Comets in the aire,
As Crowes in Africk, Æolus want puffes,
Or she-precisians want Geneva ruffes.
Yet my Bellam' *alone, and one unites*
The beauteous colours noble red and whites,
With heavens issue, Vertue: dar'st then deny,
If not divine, her halfe a Deitie?
Tip Cynthia's hornes with wonder, winde al u'p,
And mount the saddle of a winged cloud:
Then circle earth, and see if thou canst finde
Halfe such a feature with so rare a minde.
I know when thou returnst thou'lt say with me,
Bellama's beautie is a A percee.

Thus he to rockes and bushes did discover,
The secret flames which scorcht his heated breast,
Though he as yet was not a vocall lover,
But shrowded his close love in smiles and jest;
Yet *Fortune* sometimes does *Venus* grace
Hee got his freedome in an eye-lesse place.

For there a Turkes *Elyzium* was the ſtage
Whereon the Virgines acted parts of mirth,
Which Nature did with nobler gifts engage,
And decked more than other parts of earth:
And *Bellam's* breath was ſuch a powerfull thing,
It here did keepe an everlaſting ſpring.

The angry puffings of congealing Eaſt,
And ſturdy North, cold Winters ſtouteſt royſters,
Durſt ne're of curled lockes the trees deveſt,
Nor e're were heard to whiſtle in their cloyſters.
Such vernall blaſts came from *Bellama's* mouth,
Kept here *Favonius*, and the dropping ſouth.

And if ſharp froſts did in her abſence ſteale
Into this place, and glaz'd the tatling ſtreames,
Then into chryſtall would the ſprings congeale,
And every flower was rayd with ſilver beames:
Yet if *Bellama* did but glance her eye,
The chryſtall and the ſilver thence did flye.

Nay, ſtrange it was to heare the purling wet,
The ſawcie froſt with angry murmures chide,
And with its conſtant jarres and ſtruglings fret,
Then thaw to teares, and on the *Venice* ſlide:
Yet oft *Bellama* would call in her rayes,
To view the ſilver purles, and chryſtall wayes.

Into this garden once *Albino* got;
Yet ah, but once, and met his ſoveraigne face,
Hoping their hearts ſhould ty the *Gordian* knot,
He fand her beauty with ſuch courting aire:
For though he was a Monk, love did inſtruct him,
And to *Loves* pallace *Fortune* did conduct him.

Hee

He oftentimes with trembling thombe would presse
Her dauncing veine, way to her heart to finde,
Whilst conscious she her looks with red wold dresse,
Fearing her pulse was traytor to her minde:
For 'tis entruth'd by some, that by this vaine
We may the knowledge of affections gaine.

Such knowledge gaind, he by her pulses touch,
Which leapt to meet, not chide his busie thombes,
That he desir'd a kisse, and found it such,
Whose sweetnesse far out-sweets *Hybla's* combes:
Then cryd, give for each lip a cherry-sweet,
And then a third, in which they two may meet.

Such quickning heat was from those kisses lent,
That thawd his voyce, and did unfreeze his tongue,
Packt thence despaire, exiled discontent,
And made him vent what was concealed long:
For though desire and love each minute bid him,
Yet feare, his habit, and her beauty chid him.

Madam, quoth he, vouchsafe a courteous eare
Vnto my words, sent from an amorous heart,
Which hath long time bin wrackt with hope & fear,
Grisely despaire, and *Cupids* awfull dart:
And till this time (restrain'd by black disasters)
Could ne're apply lip-love, or vowell-plasters.

Be pleas'd to know (yet sure you needs must know it)
A beauty so divine, must needs divine,
Though I should want heart, hand, or voyce to show it)
When first your beauty in mine eyes did shine,
They slipt into my breast, and told my heart,
The god of love by them had sent a dart.

My

My heart made quick reply, (if hearts have voyce)
You ever have such faithfull servants been,
That what you like, I'le freely call my choyce,
For beauty brought by you, does fires teen;
Carry this message back, tell her 'tis best
That hers should heat my bosome, I her breast.

Peace, peace, quoth she, speak not a word of love,
For feare my anger, scornes, and folly writes,
Eagles love Eagles, and the Dove the Dove:
Haukes brook not Buzzards; or the Pheasant Kites,
Equals love equals: but un-equall flame
Is teen'd with folly, and expires with shame.

True, quoth he, likenesse does the heart encline,
Greatnesse loves greatnesse, without farther search,
Yet crawling Ivies lostie Elmes en-twine,
And gall-lesse Turtles with the Eagles pearch.
I baulk your greatnesse; for as good, not great,
I homage pay, and loves alarums beat.

Those airy titles, which ambition swell,
And puffe like bladders, or like bladders burst,
The worldlings goddesse, which in chests does dwel,
Is gnawne with rust, and makes the chesters curst,
Honour is ty'd unto the Princes eye,
And wealth to Fortunes mutability.

I have not wealth (nor doe I want) what then?
Must *Hymen* stoope unto the nods of gold?
Must I vaile Bonnet unto *Ermin* men?
And Vertue by the Herauld be controlde?
No, love does blaze the noblest armes: and she,
That can maintaine herselfe, in love can me.

Stay

Stay, stay, quoth she, you will be out of winde,
Me thinkes the voyce of greatnesse speakes delight:
Our Poets onely then faigne *Cupid* blinde,
When children of the Sun doe dote on Night.
Or folly mounted on *Icarian* wings,
Courts Queens affections, & does gaze on Kings.

No, sayes *Albino*, 'tis the contrary,
Love never is more purblinde then when earth
Joynes house to house, and pedigrees doe tye
Scutcheons to Scutcheons in pure vertues dearth,
For Regall flames blest goodnesse onely teenes,
And vertue ought to court the love of Queenes.

We all are borne for publique good: 'tis vaine
With torch-light to embellish *Titans* rayes,
Or cast our stock of water in the maine;
Such love from lawes of love and nature strayes:
But those that *Fortune* hath enricht with goods,
Should darne up natures wants, by mixing bloods.

Was I the *Cæsar* of the *Romane* stemmes,
(Once onely darling to the King of skies)
Did both the *Indies* pay me tribute-Gemmes,
I'de not unite a double Majestie.
For being no distinction in degree,
She would assume that honour due to me.

She'd chide me sooner than I durst check her,
And as the proverbe, *quarrell for the breeches*,
On some choyce meane that honour I'de conferre,
Should sue with humble *Sirs*, and low beseeches.
Thus was she tyde to payment of respects,
I licenc'd with state-love to mixe neglects.

Wher

Where beauty does indite, and vertues seale,
Greatnesse is not requir'd to set his hand:
Though greatnesse here may vertues acts repeale;
Yet vertues acts in *Cupids* courts must stand.
Then where I finde grace, feature, vertues dwell,
I've greatnesse, wealth, and honour: tole the bell.

Then with kinde aires, life of my wishes speake,
Bid honour know his distance, wealth depart,
And let the day of true contentment break
From thy cleare lips, to cheare my misted heart.
O with owne circle, let my armes enfold
The soule of honour, and the heart of gold.

Sir, quoth *Bellama*, wealth is not my aime,
Nor does the gales of honour heave my soule,
I higher prize an action than a name,
And value more a pamphlet than a roule.
Where I with comelinesse finde vertue mixt,
My love, eyes, thoughts, are on that object fixt:

I speake not much of love, lest you presume;
And speak a little, lest you should despaire,
I would not have my words your hopes deplume,
Nor feather them to reach the highest aire,
I summe up all in this, when as I say,
I will not with disdaines thy service pay.

Oh happy words! oh more than sacred breath!
Albino live, *Bellama* sayes thou must:
Confront dire Fate, and challenge meagre death,
'Tis not in them to moulder thee to dust:
Yet be advis'd, let not proud folly in,
The conquest is as great to hold as win.

Our

Our Anchorist with all the words that joy
Hearting a lover, was acquainted with,
Accosts his Saint, rewards the winged boy,
And congies to the Queene of heate and pith,
Smiled and glanc'd, payd thanks, desir'd a kisse,
And prayd time give an age unto his blisse.

But when dayes lamp had wan the westerne clyme,
And wrapt his head in Sea-greene *Thetis* lap,
Our lover must observe the chaunting time,
And bids his Saint adiew: oh hard mishap!
Oh tis a hell to think what hellish paine
True lovers by unkinde divorcement gaine!

Yet by that time the hoary headed Syre
Had sum'd twelve sixty minutes, he againe
Returnd t'his Lady, when bright *Tytans* fire
Was newly risen from the brackish maine,
And common greetings past amidst their pleasures,
He, in his Ladies hands these lines entreasures.

Vpon Bellama's *walking in the Garden, and with him.*

MY teeming phansie strives (choyce fair) to chain
Eternity to time, that nere shall waine;
And make those garden minutes see the Sun
Entombd in darknesse, and the earth un-spun
Ere they expire, that all succeeding times
May know and tell the subject of these rimes.
Assist me Flora, *that I may with grace*
Worthy its honour, shadow forth that place
Of spreading trees, sweet hearbs, and fragrant Flowres,
Enricht with pleasing walkes, and shady Bowres.

Each

Each twigge with amorous touch embrac't his Mate,
Like Bacchus ſacred tree his propping ſtate;
Or Ivie, Elme, that neither Sun nor Winde
To his retired conclaves paſſage finde.
Within whoſe walles a halfe-nights darkneſſe dwelles,
Which Satyrs growing pallaces excelles,
Or Anchorets ſecluding Hermitage.
Here, like a common Theater, or Stage,
Each ſpiced childe of earth in Summer robe,
And Iris mantle, opes his cloſed globe,
Knowes his appearing cue, and freely playes
Oth' wiſht-for preſence of your quickning rayes:
Such perfect vivifying influence
Dwells in your lookes, Lights Chariot driven hence,
That your ſole preſence can create a Spring,
From Winters frozen bands can looſe each thing,
From Earths entombing Sepulchre can raiſe
Each ſleeping Flowre to chaunt forth Maia's prayſe:
This made amazement ſeize my minde to view
Halfe-aged Winter bid ſo ſoone adieu
To this Elyzium of the Pagans joy,
And Chloris with her new-bruſht clothes ſo coy
Before, and hardly to be wonne, come forth
Crownd with the glory of her ſpringing worth,
To court our eyes: nay more, the bare-fac'd Earth,
Coverd with Carpets greene, befringed round
With ſmiling Roſie trees, with glorious ſtore
Of Dazies, Suckles, Cow-ſlips, ſtudded ore
Like hunting Veſtes of Satoniſco greene,
Emboſt with Gems, by Fawns and wood-nymphs Queen
Worne, when the tuſhed Boare, Beare, panting Hart
Th'unkennell, rouze, diſ-franke with nimble art.
And leſt your ſpotleſſe ſoles ſhould ſuffer ill,
Ayres fleeting tuns Chryſtalline ſtreames diſtill

To

To wash the grassie-tufted tapestry,
Which whistling windes with murm'rings haste to dry.
And ev'ry tender branch whereon you tread,
To make your tracing, pacing, moves its head.
Alcinous Orchard, or that precious root,
Which bore old Atlas daughters golden fruit:
Th' Idalian mount, where Cytherea strayd,
Or that where Ceres luckless daughter playd,
When as the King of shades surprized her.
Nor may the Romanes pride with this confer,
For here all Maia's treasures are united,
Which dor, which shall, or sences e're delighted,
Yet summer'dby your eye, each Flower does bud,
Blossomes, sprouts, opens, bloomes and chewes the cud.
Your presence hearts them all: O be as kinde
As unto them, to me! shoot through my rinde.
Shine through my heart with one, one smiling ray,
So shall it open, blossome, sprout as they,
Spic't with the choycest sweets e're Venus had,
In all the postures of true service clad,
Trimd with the beauties of the richest spring.
All fertile too, all store of fruit shall bring:
This, choyce affection; that, chaste loyaltie;
This, vowes; that, service; and that, constancie,
Made up into a nose-gay, circled in
With twists of love, which youth and vertue spin.
Then Breath and Ray, make and accept the Posie,
And seale a contract twixt the Lil' and Rosie.

En-ſpheared thus with virgines, oft he would
Tell pretty tales, fraught with conceited mirth,
Diſcourſe of forraigne ſtates: ſometimes unfold
A ſudden jeſt, may give to laughter birth:
Thus to beguile the time he oft would doe,
And unſuſpected did his Lady wooe.

Then privately ſometimes with her would walke
Along a paved way, where lofty trees
Bore onely witneſſe of their am'rous talke,
Plaiting their branched pride, that none might ſee,
And leſt quick envie ſhould their dalliance ſpy,
Themſelves about the trees the brambles tye.

Here in ſoft whiſpers did he court her love,
And ſtrove by oath their loves to ratifie.
Madam, ſayes he, thus reaſon may you move,
That day and malice have too many eyes,
When my lips are ſeald, and I attempt in vaine,
To ſend the children of my teeming braine.

Not halfe ſo vigilant the Dragon was,
Which *Colchos* treaſure watcht, as is your Dame,
So that they muſt through *Argus* head-peece paſſe,
Which ſeeke here to enkindle *Cupids* flame.
I know your jealous Matrone does diſcover
How my faint heart about your breaſt does hover.

Sir, ſayes *Bellama*, there is no ſuch haſte,
Time will appoint our loves ſome fitter ſeaſons,
My father muſt ungirdle firſt my waſte,
Love will not be repeld by force, but reaſons.
And more, you know it is in vaine to ſtrive,
Heres no eſcaping this Monaſtick hive.

When

When as the third dayes Sun, three houres or more,
Our Zenith has behinde him left, hither
Returne, and I will meet thee; not before:
My thoughts (quoth he) doe in your absence wither,
Pincht with the sharpest blasts cold winter breathes
But your, *your looks* my heart with *blossoms* wreathes

That foolish glasse which measures time with sand,
Enough of gravell has to meet a yeare,
With lesser trouble I could *Hermes* wand,
Than the sad torture of your absence beare:
Change then those houres to minutes; dayes, to day,
If you say 't shall be so, time must obay.

Alas! quoth she, my faith is not so strong,
To thinke reality with language dwells,
Nor can I think you count those minutes long,
When you' r employed with your Beads and Bells,
Yet t' has the face of truth, Ile therefore try
If time will pay such duty to mine eye.

These words have lent my body a new soule,
And shot (quoth she) a fire through every veyne,
Doubt not, your voyce times circle can controule,
And make the Sunne his hasty Iennets reyne.
Nay more, me thinks m' enlightned eyes discover
'Bout you the gods with vailed bonnets hover.

I'm halfe perswaded, 'twas not blasphemy
For me to say your nod can ravell Fate,
Thaw into Chaos this firme globe of dry,
Becken the planets, and their towres un-slate.
Me thinkes I see the Sun naild to his sky,
Vn-nath his Carre, and throw his whip-staffe by
Peace,

Peace, peace, quoth ſhe, *Albino*, thou doſt rave,
Why dwels ſuch language on thy wretching tongue?
Wilt thou juſt vengeance force to dig thy grave?
Think'ſt thou ſterne Fate will ſuffer ſuch a wrong?
Pinnion thy words, let them not ſoare ſo high,
Leſt they ſhould gaſh the clouds, and ope the sky.

We muſt not play with ſharpes, nor kiſſe the flame,
Dally with heaven, or up-braid the gods,
Leſt their juſt anger make their powers tame
Such ſawcie ſcandals with their plagues and rods.
Then wing no more *Bellama's* name, but let
The Pearle be called Pearle, the Iet but Iet.

Goe home in clouds, leſt Envy ſee thy face,
And come not till thoſe minutes taske the watch.
Madam, ſayes he, Ile bid them mend their pace,
Tis juſt with lovers every haire to catch,
That dights occaſions brow, change date for date,
Entrench ſometimes upon the rights of Fate.

Yet your command ſhall ſtand, Ile not tranſgreſſe,
But watch the hand untill it joynt the houre,
And all my paths with gloomy ſhades will dreſſe,
That undiſcoverd I may win this boure:
May all the bleſſings which a lovers voyce
Breathes on his Lady, wait on you my choyce.

Here did they meet to rivet faſt their heart,
Where not a breath their private joyes diſturbe;
They thought no eye a ſawcie ray durſt dart,
Or any voyce had power their loves to curbe.
So credulous are lovers, and ſo faine
To their conjectures would *concluſum's* chaine.

But

But this bright Sun of joy eclypsed was,
And pitchy clouds their glorious sky did smutch,
Then *Venus* joyes were like to *Venice* glasse,
Poore glasse-like toyes, that perish with a touch,
A Guardians anger, or a parents frowne,
Nips loves fresh blossomes, and a wish uncrowne.

The jealous matrone from her towring loft,
O're-looke th'ambitious trees which hem'd them in
Or'e-heard their vows, their sighs, & language soft,
And saw how *Cupid* leapt from skin to skin.
The traffique of their lips, and how thin balmes,
Did glue and cement fast their melting palmes.

When she perceiv'd the progresse of their love,
Religious care impanneld straight a Iury
Of thoughts and plots, this stranger to remove,
Soothed with profit, and enflam'd with fury,
Vsh'ring her language with a threatning frowne,
She ask'd her busines with that shaved crowne.

Why was that sickly voyce, whose feeble gales
Can raise no ecchoes, hand, and elbow chat,
Eye-dialogues discourse, and wanton tales
That way of am'rousnesse, and this, and that?
Speak truth *Bellama*, has thy heart, as voyce,
Decreed that youthfull monk thine only choyce?

Bellama startled at this sudden newes,
Yet did her answers all consist of noes,
But yet, alas! her bloud observ'd the cues,
And call'd by guilt, her Lilly bankes ore-flowes:
So that though she with setled vowes denyde,
Yet to the eye her blushes guilty cryde.

When

When as the matrones buſie eyes had read
Love on her cheekes in bloudy letters writ,
She askt her why blind folly thus had lead
Her reaſon, 'gainſt religion, ſtate or wit?
Or if ſhe needs muſt love, why did ſhe ſcowle
Vpon ſtate-ſattens, and embrace a cowle?

Bellama to excuſes turn'd her aire,
Framing pretences for her amorous faith,
But yet alas, ſuch was *Pazzella's* care,
From her excuſes ſhe with-held her faith.
And with a voyce ſhrill and as fierce as thunder,
Sware ſhe would knap their ſilly loves in ſunder.

Thoſe ſcarlet gowns, which doom-offenders, death,
Or the proſcriptions of the Romane ſtate,
Had not the tithe of that affrighting breath,
Although they weakned hell, and threatned Fate,
As had theſe words which feeble love did ſhiver,
Snap his weak ſtrings, & crack his empty'd quiver

But all this while, *Albino* ſate with pleaſure,
And on his trencher joy and mirth attend,
Nor to delight will he allow a meaſure,
As, at one ſitting, he his ſtock would ſpend.
Nay, if he ſlept, he dream'd of nought but rings,
Gloves, fans, masks, monkies, & ſuch prety things.

And when the time of his approach, approach't,
His eye did travell with the Dyals hand,
Then ſtarted up to ſee *Don Phœbus* coach't,
Bad him make haſte, and at that minute ſtand,
That this bleſt day may count more moments flight
Than could the ſtout *Alcides* geniall night.

But

But oft we see before a sudden dash,
The Sun salutes the earth with hottest gleames:
So here before misfortunes harshest lash,
Ioy on *Albino* shot his choycest beames.
That every thought was crowned with a starre,
And rid with *Venus* in her silver Carre.

Rose out oth'vault, with love and hope adust,
And in conceit fed on his future sweet, (just.
Thinking what most may please, not what's most
And with what phrase he should his Lady greet,
Vowing in this full heat of lust and pride,
To try how fast *Bellama's* girdle's tyde.

But as our Alchymists doe study much,
Spend all their wits and wealth to finde that stone,
Which baser metals doth en-gold with touch,
(As he which once did awe the *Phrygian* throne)
And when they long have dreamed of a masse,
Their silvers's turnd to tin, their gold to brasse.

Iust so our Amorist stuft full with hope,
Came to this walke for his expected treasure,
The chrystall casements of his soule did ope,
To let in th'object of his joy and pleasure;
But when he thought t'have found his lovely lasse,
His love was Lady-smocks, his Lady grasse.

He search't with stricter care, each bush and bowre,
Then did the Fairy King, and *Hob* his man,
Throwing his eyes into each branched towre,
And midst the sharpned pikes of brambles ran.
Prickt forward with desire, enrag'd with spite,
And venteth here what love and hate endite.

Vpon

Upon his *Bellama* using and forsaking the Walke.

When walking I sent forth my watchfull eyes,
To fetch in objects, like Bellona's *spies,*
Along this swelling way, which checkerd was
With smooth-fac't pebbles, not with piked grasse,
Bellama *pac't, whose onely pacing set*
Upon the paved walke a Coronet
Of Flora's *pride, Carnations, Tulips, Lillies,*
Pansies, Pinkes, Roses, Daffa-down-dillies:
Nay more, me thought I saw the rubbish way,
Saphirs, Pearles, Rubies, Onix-stones, out-ray
The very channell proud of her blest weight,
Swell up with pride unto the ridges height
To kisse her feet, and made the way an alley,
With this choyce Faire mine eyes (ah) once did dalley,
Natures Epitomy, whose curious brow
Was like a smoothed mount of bleached snow,
At whose cleare foot Nature divine did place
Two Diamonds, which did enlighten all her face:
So that twas like those orbes wherein doe stray
The planet-lampes, or Cupids *sucking way,*
And from these gemmes such silver rayes were sent,
Which hatched o're her light accoutrement.
So that dull fancies would have thought she had
In Cambricke, Holland, or pure Lawne been clad,
Nay I, at first, thought it had Cynthia *bin*
Deckt in her brothers sun-shine Ermilin.
She shot such glorious beames: but now alas!
Shee's gone, shee's fled, and lo, the mourning grasse
Is hayd already, and th'ungemd stone
Its feathers catch to fly where she is gone.

The branched Beech, the Oke, and towring Ash,
Bend both their browes and boughes my face to lash:
The angry thornes, my hands, though armed, scratch,
And testy brambles at my vestures catch:
(Which was before the curse of humane sin,
But now, by her, out-smeld the Eglantine)
I wonder-strucken, askt a holy Thistle
Which with his sharpned pikes began to bristle:
(But know, at first twas but an homely weed,
Her presence made it holy, not its seed)
Why all with irefull lookes thus threatned me?
It is suppos'd Bellama faire (quoth he)
The goddesse of this walke, was forc't by you
To this benighted path to bid adiew.
Alas! quoth I, (mean while the thistle paus'd)
Their wrath is undeserv'd, I never caus'd
By any ill demeanes that Saint to leave
This place, and widow every branch and greave,
Vnto your testates I my selfe refer,
How choycely I have ever honourd her,
Have payd my tribute-complements, and gave
Respects as much as due, or she would have.
But people (worse than those that people slewes)
Whose onely joy consists in telling newes,
Or Pazzell else with her envenomd lips
Your glory and my comfort doe eclypse,
Tis them they ought to chide, for onely thay
Compell her to forsake this gloomy way.
Yet spight of all disasters, Fate and Hell,
Albino's heart shall with Bellama dwell,
And though chill winter nip both you and me,
We shall ere long our Suns and Summers see.

This sayd, he straight forsooke his silent grove,
Trimming his lookes which passion did untrim,
And hastes to finde the object of his love,
But such an eye the matron cast on him,
That fury on her lookes did seem to dwell
And envy to her face transplanted hell.

Heartlesse *Albino* with much pain did view
How on her lookes madnesse and anger rang'd,
And on *Bellam* he private glances threw,
To bring him word if that she stood unchang'd,
If she continu'd square despight of them,
Whose jealous eyes did all their actions hem.

Bellama knew the language of his eye,
But could not give respect to *Cupids* law,
For *Piazella* to her eyes did tye
A constant watch, which kept her eyes in awe,
That she was forc't to peep within her vaile
For there the matrone did her eyes en-jayle.

The ragged crue which are en-wrapt in chaines,
Throgh grates more freedom have of sight than she,
Which in them both produc'd such griefes and paine
Too sharpe and lowd to be expreſt by me.
Albino now does judge his absence better,
And chose a proxee to present a letter.

One of his order, (deemd a trusty friend
Endeard to him by favours, oath and vow)
Was his *Talthibius*, ordaind to send
To her, whose beauty makes stiffe *Atlas* bow.
The Monke embrac't the office, and did sware
By all our scarlet oathes, faith, truth, and care.

Albino now to every *Santo* prayes,
And for successe his hands with zeale does reare,
Courting his Lady in some Irish Layes,
And robd his finger of its golden spheare
En-neald, (*I live in hope*) and sure griefs waves
If Anchorlesse, had been t'is wishes graves.

To mee's faire Metres, *Vandebrad Islile* of te fine towne of *Vaschester*.

ICk predee metres be not coy,
But intertaune mee's love vit joy:
For me be not a snottee boy.

Vat tough me russell not in silke,
And keep mee's servaunts vit capes ilke,
Yet me be not a sop of milke.

Vat tough me vil not stautly stret,
And ilke de Peacock poudely jet;
Yet mé be vary pruce and neat.

Vat tough me vil not lye vit pimpes,
And pend me's coyne on light-teale shrimpes
Yet me can hug, busse prettee nymphes.

Vat tough me hane Hanke ne Hound,
And vil not suare begot, idzound,
Yet faith mee's frolique, plumpe and sound.

Vat tough me cannot Maudam say,
And vil ty Fan an Monkee play,
Yet me con flatter vel as thay.

Vat tough me connot honour tee
Vit titles laudee C or D,
Yet tou fault a good Metreſs bee.

Vat tough, vat tough, Ick ſay, vat tough,
Ick ſay, udſnigs in feck I trough,
Yet Ick drive not te Caurt and Plough.

Then pretee, pretee, Buxome faire,
Let me not launguiſh in depaire,
But ſay me's ſutes all gaunted are.

Let ne mee's Iriſh Borrell ſpeach,
In tyne affection maake o breach,
For me con better ſay ſo teach.

And me can be as blyth and free
As auny puſh or ſaunten bee,
Ten ſay, and ved, and bed vit me.

Tyne faytfull friend and good ſervaune,
Patrick Applous, *te fine, te bave, te gallaun Iriſh-mon.*

Upon the Ring ſent to his *Bellama.*

Cupid oft-times diſdaines to dwell
In loftie pallace, but does ſhell
Himſelfe in ſtraw-thatcht roofe; and choyce
For novell, a September roſe
Before a Diamond to preſent
Or time in ſilver ſeilings pent.

Great gifts enforce, but small ones wooe,
And fore't respects will never doe.
He questions his owne worth, that feares
To whisper in his mistresse eares
With smallest gifts, since true worth hates
A boune which for him lowdly prates,
And female worths may justly slight
Those that, but with guilt swords, dare fight.
These make me send this little ring,
(An Embleme of a greater thing)
'Tis bruis'd, hence representeth true
My heart bruis'd, bent and bowd for you.
Anatomists conclude by art,
A veine is stretched to the heart
From'th smallest finger of the left,
From veine and finger comes this gest:
Hence merits better, since we finde
Many send presents, few their minde.

VPON THE POESIE
I live in hope.

'TIs hope that makes me live, and when
My hope's transfer'd to other men,
Divorc't from me, health cannot give
A strength to make my rent heart live,
A rented heart tis truly call'd,
For love of vertues you enthrall'd
Tenant at will to you, and payes
Large rents of sighes each howre and dayes,
But to what number they amount,
Puzzles Arithmetick to count:
Then courteous Land-lady be please
To seale my heart a life-long lease,

Else

Elſe ev'ry ſlight and frowne of yours,
Will turne your tenant out of doores,
Yet hope perſwades me not to doubt
My heart ſhall not be turned out:
For you have promiſed to come
An live with it, or exchange home,
So I be Land-lord unto thine,
And you be Land-lady to mine.
Say I to this, and onely Fate
Shall change the tenor of our ſtate.

Bardino from the Coven poſts with ſpeed
Vnto *Albino's* onely Polar ſtar,
Loaden with bleſſings, and beware, take heed,
As the great grand-dames ſonne prepar'd for war,
Or as a widowes ſonne, whoſe onely joy
Hangs on the nuptials of her luſty boy.

Like as a Pilot to ſome floating keele,
When as the buſtlers from old *Æol's* cave,
On *Neptunes* furrowd back make it to reele,
And at his death ſhoot billow after wave:
So toſt in ſeas of griefe *Albino* tyde,
His loves choyce pinnace to *Bardino's* guide.

But Biſhop Guts, tun-belly'd, all-pancht Fryer,
In ſight of *Lesbia's* towres ſplit his faire Galley,
Prov'd a diſſembling and perfidious lyer,
From his foule breaſt deceit and hate did ſalley;
The ſeeds of every ſin in him did bud,
Nothing did wither but this one thing, *Good*.

For to win credit with the Lady-mother,
And raise a liking of himselfe in her,
He prov'd a traytor to his Abbey-brother,
With Abbatesse in private does confer,
And unto her imparts his amorous newes,
She, not *Bellam'* his vowed service viewes.

But to *Albino* he returnd with faith,
(Yet 'twas an oath) I importun'd thy Saint,
Prest her t'unlock thy secrets; but she saith,
What pur-blinde folly does thy heart attaint?
Thou knowst what offers I refus'd, and thou'le
Confine my love unto a starved coule.

Away flings she, and leaves me disconsolate,
Nor after dain'd to me a wonted look:
Now is *Albino* pincht with cruell Fate,
Which is the better, *Cupid*, or thy book?
Hadst viewd her beauty with a scornfull eye,
Thou hadst not tasted of her pride and fie.

Hapless *Albin'*, and hapless so much more,
Because *Albin'*, rest quiet with thy lot,
If *Nilus* over-flow his sandy floore
Above twelve cubits, it procures a rot.
When at too high a pitch affections towre,
Fate with misfortunes oft their hopes doth sowre.

Wound not the harmlesse aire with mournful hoots
Steere not 'gainst *Volgo's* streame thy feeble keele,
Be not like him who 'gainst a whirle-wind shoots,
Or like the Cockatrice in pecking steele,
For acts 'gainst nature wrought, despight do gaine,
And love o're-looking Fortune, reapes disdaine.

But

But let us see what strange effect this newes
Writes in his breast (disasters fatall booke)
What stronger plot his working phansie brewes,
If's loftie thoughts be at this answer shooke,
Alas! they are, so weake a thing is man,
Crakt into *Atomes* with a slighting fan.

His bloud retires unto his throbbing heart,
His wanned cheekes with lawne were over-spread,
An aspin trembling loosned every part,
His spirits fainted, and his vitals fled,
And his quick hart with such strong motions beated
That it, though chil'd with feare, his body heated.

Entring his chamber, strewed o're with rue,
He lean'd his head upon his swelling pillow,
And sighing, cryde, *Bellama* is this true,
Must I be doomed to the barren willow?
I thought, exempted from my pedants art,
I should no more have felt the willows smart.

Thy eyes spake love, and every glance you sent,
Writ on my heart, *Albino is approv'd*,
Whenso'ere my eyes unto thy feature went,
And met with thine, they brought me word, *you lov'd*
Then can *Bellama* not *Bellama* be?
She may *Bellama* be, but not to me.

Iest heavens! how have men deserv'd your ire,
That made you frame this curse, this thing cald *Wo-*
S comely and so useful? giving fire (*man*,
To feare us men, and yet disdaine to know man?
Why on their faces have you plac'd such charmes,
To make us court with sighs the worst of harms?

Pandora's

Pandora's box of woes was opened then,
When first they took in hand to make a woman,
And all the Furies joynd to torture men;
Yet women first were rare, but now grown common,
And mischiefs high, when once they comon grow.
Intombe great states, and commons overthrow.

Thou Love, (what should I call thee?) doest entice,
Nay checkst rebellion in the awfull gods,
Women thy weapons are, of such high price,
That beat with them, they humbly kisse the rods.
No life, no joy, no sweete, without a lasse,
And yet no sweet nor joy since woman was.

Our eyes doe ne're mistake the day for night,
Nor can the pale-hewd pinkes for roses passe,
But when on womens colours they doe light,
Then (brib'd) they look as through a painted glasse,
So that what women are we never see,
But what we wish and phansie them to be.

'Mongst thousand virgines which doe suck this ayre,
I never knew but one, but one——one good,
Whom I supposed full as good as faire,
And she was making e're *Deucalions* flood:
But she alas! what should I say? but she
Is woe to man, a woman unto me.

Thus in his heightned fury he condemnes,
Both Fate and Fortune, honour, wealth and worth,
Raileth on virgines and their beauteous gemmes,
And curseth nature, that did bring herforth,
But above all, his sharp incensed Muse,
In wrathfull Odes Don *Cupid* does accuse.

The

An Invective against CVPID.

THou love, if thou wilt suffer this, be blinde,
Deafe, dumbe, and stupid, and unwisely kinde,
More unto slights than merits, and reward
Respects and negligence with same regard.
If Sattens difference, and maides adorne,
Then nature has with beauty, more with scorne,
That they must sligger, scoffe, deride and jeere,
Appoynt their servants certaine houres t'appeare,
Affoord by number, kisses, sights by tale,
Command a certaine distance, and empale
Loves game from taste or touch, and if at all
Men doe transgresse, steepe all their words in gall:
Check but the least presumption, and with frownes
Strike as much terrour unto us, as crownes;
Love, if thou'lt suffer this, and wink at them,
Make us esteeme a pebble for a gem;
Stoope, crindge, adore, sue, flatter, and admire,
And in our bosomes teenst thy amorous fire,
May all the haggish Furies soundly lash
And with their snaky whips thy sinewes gash;
May all the tortures Hell encloseth, fall
On thee, if not enough, and, more then all;
But we —— we men will be no more thy slaves,
And womens too, wee'l pack unto our graves:
And in our silent beds of earth will court
The slender-wasted wormes, and with them sport,
Dally, hug, toy, and vow their wimbling busse
Is full as sweet as womens was to us.
En-wall'd with dust wee'l lye, till nature shall
Perceive thy malice (*Cupid*) and her fall.

And

And wooes with sighes and teares in loving guise,
For a replantage of the world, to rise,
Then shall our wils un-god thee, and thy mother,
And *Cupids* be our selves one to another.
Then in thy Temples shall no voyce be heard,
But Scriech-owles, Dors, and Dawes, no Altar reard
Whereon to sacrifice true lovers hearts,
Scalded with sighes, and galled with thy darts.
For we our selves, our selves will temples call,
And make our bosomes Altars, whereon shall
From fourteen to fourscore the females faires
Burne Frankinsence of love with sighes and praires,
And change the custome so, that maidens then
Shall court, admire, adore and wooe us men.

This sayd, he strove t'unbillow all with slumbers,
But th'more he strove to rest, lesse rest he takes,
His watchful thoughts each tatling minut numbers,
Bellama's wakening beautie him awakes.
And having purchas'd sleepe, though they were (dim,
Bellama's beauty darted rayes at him.

Then starting up, her substance faire to catch,
He lost the shadow, and did rave againe,
Can groveling Brambles loftie Cedars scratch?
Or wadling Duckes o're-top the towring Crane?
Yet vertues imp'd with person, reach a sky,
And to an higher pitch then Fortune flye.

There is a tree, (as our Historians write)
Alpina hight, of faire and glorious glee,

With

With branches fine, and glorious blossomes dight,
But never tasted by the witty Bee,
Fearing death lodgeth there, and this he feares,
Cause to the eye so glorious it appeares.

Not much unlike to these our women are
Whom Nature has in daintie colours drest,
And of our women likest are the faire,
For with much beauty vertues seldome rest.
Would *Iove* all women I had judg'd to be
Alpina-like, or if not all, yet she.

The Queen of beautie, strumpet was to *Mars*,
Officious Bawd unto lascivious *Iove*,
A patronesse of those that ride in Carres,
And in her Court nor vertue reignes, nor love,
But lust and vanity with wily traines,
That he repentance buyes, which beauty gaines.

Sh'as many trulls, like *Menelaus* wife,
And she such light-skirt things for chaste ones sels,
With whom dissembling and deceits are rife,
Smiles, tears, sighs, looks, with such inchanting spels.
If they but bend their braws, & shoot out frowns,
They crack a scepter, and distemple crownes.

Yet stay: but by the sowre we know not sweet,
White's silver hue adjoynd to black, shines best,
How should we know our hands, but by our feet?
Healths onely priz'd, when sicknesse doth arrest,
This principle perhaps *Bellama* holds,
Summer is known by Winters chilling colds.

Perchance *Bellama* did not breath that woe
Which by *Bardino* was conveyd to me;

Nor dwelt upon her lips that scornfull No,
'Twas onely forged by her Dame and he.
But—why should suspition steale into my breast?
Suspect a friend, deceit with friendship rest?

No: *Phæton* base sonne to dayes bright blaze,
Daring his Chariot felt *Ioves* thunder fire.
Astronomers, whilest on the starres they gaze,
Oft-times do sinke into the durty mire:
Onely the Eagle without purblinde dampes,
Can fixe his eyes upon the prince of lampes.

The sonne of *Dædalus* soar'd up so high,
That *Phœbus* pluckt his waxen joynted wings;
It was her pride checkt my ambitious eye,
True love to hatred chang'd by slights has stings.
Ile write invectives: no, Ile onely try
What vertue dwels in slighting Poesie

To his Bellama *slighting him.*

Ile bore the heavens, pierce the clouds a vaine,
Make them full torrents weepe of brackish raine,
To second my laments, me thinkes the Sun
Knowing my clue is raveld and undone,
That my *Bellama* slights, should vex true signe
T'his sisters Chariot his Ecliptick line.
Bid *Phœbe* run horn mad, and lowdly cry,
Froth, howle, as in a fit of lunacie,
Nay, throw a poyson on *Endimions* lips,
Threaten to drowne the world, the Sun eclypse,
Keepe the starres order still? or can they stirre,
And not digresse? Know they how not to erre?

Sure

Sure no: I ſaw bright *Paphos* ſnuffe her lampe,
Yet vowd to quench it with eternall dampe,
Hurle all away, if that her ſervants love
Be had in noregard, and awfull *Iove*
Hurry along the milkie way to finde
That ſnifling deity, that winged, blinde——
And vowd to clip his wings as ſhort as Munkes,
Their ſtubbed beards more ſhort than pained runkes
Valeſſe he ſhot a dart with more than ſpeed,
To make *Bellama's* heart affections bleed.
Bold Ocean foames with ſpight, his neb-tides roare,
His billowes top and top-maſt high doe ſoare.
Nature herſelfe is ſullen, keepes her bed,
And will not riſe ſo much as dreſſe her head,
Regardleſſe of the ſeaſons, will not ſee
Loude windes deplume the buſh and towring tree.
The Ploughman furrows earth, ſowes ſeed ith'tides,
But nature weepes for me, his paines derides
Copernicus his tenet's verify'd,
The maſſie Globe does 'bout its center ride.
All things diſ-rankt, nothing obſerves it ſtate,
Change time and tide, or poſt or ante-date
But thou *Bellam'* art deafe to me and blinde,
Steelſt thine affections, flintſt thy hardened minde,
And ſtrik'ſt fire thence t'enflame my tinder heart,
Thou oyl'ſt the flame, but I endure the ſmart.
How oft have I, when others eyes have ſlept,
Like ſentinels to armies, watchings kept?
And when the thoght oth'ſaints thrice blisful home
(which ah! too ſeldom) mongſt my thoghts did come
Then ſpight of goodneſſe bleſſed E was loſt
And you the haven of me tempeſt-toſt:
Have I made envious art admire thy worth,
Touch't the *Ela* of praiſe, t'emblazon't forth?

Bid sleepe good night, quiet and rest adiew,
Made my selfe no selfe to entitle you.
And after this sad purgatory, must
My hopes be laydith'dust for want of dust?
Then know *Bellama*, since thou aimst at wealth,
Where Fortune has bestowd her largest dealth,
That wealth may puffe a clod of earth like leaven,
But vertuous want alone ensouleth heaven.
Know more, I scornd thy fortune, 'twas thy selfe
I courted, not thy slight adored pelfe,
And had not Mortals curse blest thee and I
Had sweld with honour and nobility.
My love once fixt on vertue, parents hate
In both, might shake, but ne're everts loves state.
I aime at vertues blisse, and if I finde
The heart and bosome good, I slight the rinde.
But since *Bellama*, thou regardst not me,
I scorne to cringe, adore, and flatter thee.
For he that rules his thoughts, has a nobler soule,
Than he that awes the world from Pole to Pole.
Thus, Faire, adiew, with love these measures scan,
And know my love was but a fit of man.

Wee'l leave *Albino* in this phrentick mood,
And view *Bellama* parged ore with feare,
Asking a member of her sister-hood,
(For love and vertues unto her most deare)
Amongst their sportings, and their chaste delights,
Wherefore *Albino* did refraine their sights.

Barraba (her the Font thoſe letters gave)
Sayd, I preſume, I rightly gueſſe the cauſe,
Bellama urg'd (thankes to the pur-blinde knave)
'Twas thus, quoth ſhe, yet made a two-dayes pauſe,
At length with importunings over-come,
She told her why *Albino* kept at home.

Bardino did deceive his truſt, quoth ſhe,
Told all, yet ſung another ſong to him,
His love came lapt in paper unto thee,
He with quaint words did his affections lim,
Vowd ſervice, but *Bardino* (ah the ſhame!)
Vnclaſpt his ſecrets to our jealous dame.

Am I an Infidell? or dare I tye,
Quoth faire *Bellama*, unto this, beliefe?
Shall juſt revenge in my ſoft boſome dye?
And ſhall I melt my heart with ſecret griefe?
Ile ſcold with him, Sayes chaſte *Barraba*, no;
For by that, others will your wiſhes know.

What ſhe ſhould doe (plung'd in this depth of woe)
Bellama knew not, nor durſt counſell aske,
More dangers wait her, if ſhe ſend or goe,
Than if ſhe underwent *Alcides* taske.
Diſtracted were her thoughts in ſilence tyde,
Till love and honour buzzled, then ſhe cryde,

Ah falſe *Bardino*! ſhame of holy Orders!
Whither, ah! whither didſt thou ſend thy troth?
To be grand factor in the frozen borders,
For them whoſe deckes doe make old Ocean froth?
And truthleſſe thou, lockt in this gloomy Cell,
Plotſt baſeneſſe to enlarge the crowne of hel.

Vnjuſt,

Vnjust *Bardin*', unworthy of a cope,
Or (whose employments holy) other vest,
Didst, oh didst thy conscience scoure with sope?
And washt all faith from off thy glazed breast?
And faithlesse thou esteemest lesse of vow,
Than clowniſh whistlers, which do steer the plow

Where didst incage thine eyes? durst thou behold
(Acting this crime) the castle of the starres?
How stopst thine ears? didst heare the heavens scold,
And chide in winde and thunder, threatning warres?
Durst touch the hallowd water, spittle, salt,
The Crosse or Pax, and yet attempt this fault?

Those sacred Bagno's wherein Pagans wash
Their sullyd limbes for their Moschea's dore,
The pottage-penance, and repentant lash,
The hair-cloth shirt, skin-shooes, & thousand more,
Th' Arch-vicars pardon, and the purging flame,
Can ne're absolve thy crime, or cleare thy fame.

Pack then from humane eyes, and shrowd thy sin
Vnder the curtaines of eternall night;
Perfidiousnesse does make thee neare of kin
To hels black fiends, with robes of horrour dight;
Pack, pack, be gone, the Ferry-man does stay,
To waft thy paunch o're th' Acherontick Bay.

But peace *Bellama*, dost thou think it fit
To value at so meana price thy pearle?
Applaud thy selfe count it a poynt of wit,
To take a Cowlist, and refuse an Barle.
The world shall be un-centerd, ere 't be sayd,
Beauty takes lodging in an humble mayd.

What

What then? shall every fashion fashion me?
As in religion, by the Churches eye,
So by the worlds, must I in loving see?
No, I the worlds supremacie deny.
Hence with those loves, which profit only measures
I hate that heart which onely shoots at treasures.

The *Cyprian* goddesse is not fed with ploughes,
Nor *Cupids* arrow guided is with acres:
Vulcan permitted was to shake the boughes;
But *Mars* suckt in the sweets without partakers.
Youth youth pursues, for with Autumnall lookes
Cupid does seldome bait his eighteen hookes.

Who in pleuretick passions does deny
To open veynes, to shut death out oth' dores?
Who will not in sharp Fevers *Galen* try,
To weaken humours, and unstop the pores?
The quickest eye does want the quickning Sun,
And to the Sea the drilling cadents run.

Who, when Sir *Cupid* enters at the eye,
With pride and coy disdaine shuts comfort forth?
Ile make ambition stoope, now love sayes I,
And fatten thoughts shall vaile to Tammey worth;
By lovely maides, the lovely loved are,
And by the faire most favour'd are the faire.

Thus did she rage, her resolution love,
Which spight of all disastets she will harbour,
Hoping blest fate will so propitious prove,
T'enclose her Monk and her in *Cupids* Arbour:
But leave her surfeting with hope, and view
When to Monastick vowes shee'l bid adiew.

Till

Till *Cynthia* twice twelve times repaired had
Her silver hornes, she was incloysterd here,
When some kinde planet mov'd her loving Dad
To fetch her thence, his frosty'd age to cheare;
Hence virgine vow, away black vestments hurld,
Bellama's borne againe into the world.

He with his Lady mounted on his Ien-
Net, to the Nunnery, with haste does ride,
Accompany'd with troopes of harnest men,
And vowd a siege, if *Pazzell'* denyde,
To batter downe the holy walles with guns,
And fright the Hag with all her sinspring Nuns.

He in an ambush plac't his iron crue,
Bad them prepare when as the trumpe did call,
Dismounting then, the Ianitor him knew,
And lead the Lordly couple through the hall,
Parlours and chambers, to the conclave, where
The pious Nuns their branched Lillies reare.

Bellama crav'd a blessing, they it gave:
Then *Rivelezzo* he did softly aske
If the Monasticke roofe should be her grave?
If now she grieved for *Don Fuco's* taske?
If after two yeares bondage now she would
Answer more kindly to the voyce of gold?

My Lord, quoth she, with humble knee and voyce,
I am not tyred with my nicer vow,
Nor hate I *Hymen*, might my eyes make choyce,
Aske when Ile marry? and Ile answer now.
A man (quoth he) for face and vertue chuse,
And on mine honour, I will not refuse.

Piazzella fearing that their whiſpring would
Preſage no good unto her huffing waſte,
Broke off their parle, and *Rivelezzo* told
That his faire daughter zealous was and chaſte:
And that her minde no evill did attaint,
She almoſt has attaind to be a Saint.

Such high-priz'd comforts, joyes, rewards and glory
Our happy walles en-ſeele and curtain in,
That we alone ſurvive all prayſe and ſtory,
Are call'd Hels tortures, and the whips of ſin.
The locall motion of our ſoules in heaven,
We hate blinde Turciſme, and the Iewiſh leaven.

Madam, quoth *Don*, you need no advocate,
Since you your ſelfe can plead your cauſe ſo well,
But that my ſexe does interdict this ſtate,
What your words might effect, I cannot tell;
But ſure it does unſcrue a virgines hart,
To heare of love, and never feele his dart.

Madam, forſooth, quoth Lady *Arda*, I
Ne're found ſuch comfort ith'innupted life,
Nor think the bleſſings of virginity
Can equall the contentments of a wife.
My voyce ſhould not aſſent unto her vow,
To wreath with willow ſprigs her melting brow.

Quoth *Piazzella*, I am grieved ſore
To heare ſuch ſcandals thrown upon our vow,
To heare *Diana*, whom all ought t'adore,
And her chaſte votaries depraved now.
I know not what contents attend a wife,
But ſure they equall not th'innupted life.

Againe

Again, your honours you doe much impeach,
To force your daughter from this happy state;
Twixt her and happinesse you make a breach,
And pull upon your heads a curst Fate.
Heavens un-buckle will their clowds of raine,
Death or diseases, if you part our traine.

The body's better than the sheathing skin,
And ought with greater care to be maintain'd,
The guest is farre more worthy than the Inne,
And ought with greater study to be traind.
The soule mounts heaven, when earths aged womb
The Skeleton (her issue) does entombe.

Away with arguments, in vain you plead,
Our vow (quoth they) lockt not her girdle ever,
I (quoth *Pazzella*) doe abjure the *Tede*,
Hymen shall ne're my holy orders sever:
But spite of all the trickes the world does nurse,
Ile keepe my virgines from the bridall curse.

Without demurres, *Don Rivelezzo* then
With shrill-voyc't trumpet made an eccho speake,
Straight was the house environed with men,
Which with their leaden globes an entrance break:
The aire was frighted with the powder-thunder,
The bellowing noyse did split the rocks in sunder

Affrighted thus, the Matrone bid them gang,
And to *Bellama* gave a sad adiew:
Yet in her heart she grypt with Envies fang,
And o're her lookes a vaile of sorrow drew.
The joyfull parents having got their daughter,
Gave a farewell unto the house with laughter.

Leaving

Leaving the Coach and Cloyſter, wee'l take part
With poore *Albino* in his woe and griefe,
Who ſeeing Fortune his deſignes did thwart,
And *Neptunes* grand-child brought him no reliefe;
Did think to win her preſence in diſguiſe:
He that but one way tries is hardly wiſe.

He plotted to inveſt himſelfe with robe
Might ſpeak him nobly borne, and gallant haire,
To ſome vaſte meaſures of this wealthy globe,
Seated aloft in honours Ovall chaire:
Procure him then ſome ſtore of laced capes,
To wait on him with ſervile garbes and ſhapes.

Pretending to be one oth' Spaniſh court,
Giving ſtrange accents to our moderne ſpeech,
And hither came, his wandring minde to ſport,
But that he faces lackt to tune each breech.
Beſides, he knew the Matrones care was ſuch,
She love untwiſted in the eye or touch.

Then a new project did he get on's braine,
And ſheard the downy moſſe from his ſmooth chin,
Intending to be one oth' Virgine-traine,
Like *Iupiter* huskt in a female skin:
But that he feard religion could not bridle,
His active heate twixt linnen to be idle.

He thought his breaking voyce would him betray,
Vnleſſe he ſaid, he ever had a cold:
He feard the curtefie and the female play,
Or that his face would make him ſeeme too old:
But above all, he feard he ſhould not lock
His legges within the compaſſe of a ſmock.

In

In costly vestures he would be arrayde,
Of high discent, and fearing lest his Sire
Would force him to an hated pillow, strayd
With them to teene the holy vestall fire.
He would be nobly borne, not out of pride,
But to be sheeted by *Bellama's* side.

He had no treasure, but would promise faire,
That setled there, he should be fed in state,
Hoping to win the porter with kinde aire,
That with *Bellama* he might thread the gate.
He all would venture, and upon this plot,
Would place his fortunes, and the *Gordian* knot.

In such accoutrement he vailed was,
That to himselfe *Albino* was not knowne,
He looked for *Albino's* faceith' glasse,
But nothing of himselfe t'himselfe was showne:
Each way a mayd enricht with speciall grace,
As though he had unflowr'd *Adonis* face.

He stil'd himselfe *Phæliche*, onely childe
To him, who at that time was *Folco's* Duke;
And was so like to her whom he was stil'd,
That she could scarcely say twas not her look:
For what's of *Iffa* and her picture writ,
Was found in them, they taskt the Poets wit.

Vnto this Virgine-cage she fast did pace,
And knocking at the gate, the Porter came,
Who seeing riches on her back and face,
With humble voyce desir'd to know her name.
My name (good friend) quoth she, *Phæliche* is,
I come to taste your choyce Monastick blisse.

Madam,

Madam, *Avaro* sayd, our rubbish stone
With cement joynd shall pretious straight be made,
In that they shall ensphеare so faire an one.
Phæliche smiling at the porter, sayd,
Hath time with Iron jawes eate out this part,
Which now these Masons do repaire by Art.

And truth it was, *Phæliche* (*Folco's* heire)
Flying the disaster of an hated *Tede*,
Coucht in disguises at a cottage bare.
(But how? when? where? task not my amorous lede)
So that *Pazzella's* faith writ on her brow,
The noble treasures of *Phæliches* vow.

Not time it was, but an unhappy houre,
The porter sayd, we had a vertuous faire,
Daughter unto a man of mighty power,
(So like your selfe, I think you sisters are)
How laregely flattry has dispersst its song,
That it does oyle and smooth a porters tongue.

Bellama hight, by her uncourteous syre
Fetcht hence who when my Lady did deny,
Begirt our holy walles with sulphure fire,
And summond harnest men which close did lye.
They with their leaden worlds at us did play,
And frighted (as you see) these stones away.

Phæliche knowing that her Adamant,
Th'impulsive cause of this her virgin-vow,
Was vanisht thence, and gleames of joy did want,
And wanning sorrow reveld on her brow.
Scarce could she speak, & every joynting trembled,
Yet fear'd the Porter, and her feare dissembled.

Pazzella and the virgines her esteem'd,
Seeing her feature, and un-equald grace,
Before they knew his parentage, or deem'd
He was descended from high *Eolo's* race;
But knowing that, their joyes did swell so high
That griefe for sorrow slinkt aside to cry.

But ere the next dayes Sun, to let out day
Nights Ebon box unlockt, she did not brook
To heare their private whispers, talke, and pray,
Erect the host, and kisse a guilded booke:
For, her, *Bellama* has possessed solely,
So that their water could not make her holy.

In stead of Virgin-mother, she would say,
My dearest Lady, heare my sad complaint,
Nor to she-Saints would she devoutly pray,
'Cause none but her *Bellama* was a Saint
Vnto *Loretta*, as *Bellam*' she sweares,
And calls their holy water but her teares.

She wondred oft how her *Bellama* did
Two yeares continue in this hated cell;
And in her thoughts she often-times her chid,
For dwelling where but formall good does dwell,
Since in her absence she could scarce abide
To sojorne here a double eventide.

Her braines acquainted was no whit with sloath,
But plotted how she might escape that Iayle,
And to this end she vowd her virgin-oath
Should for her quick returning put in bayle:
She thought her breach of virgin-oath no sin,
Because she onely wore the formall skin.

S

She mist, in ransacking her Cabbinet,
A pretious jewell farre exceeding rate,
Which on her brow the Lady Dutchesse set,
As a true pledge of her indulgent care,
Far richer than that pearle which Egypts Queene,
Quaft to her marke dissolv'din liquor keene.

But for all this, a curious fit of man,
Did force her, for assay, to enter in,
To see if fasting did their Rosies wan,
Or folly led not in the *Paphian* sin,
Thinking her wit could manumisse her streight,
From that lank cloyster, by some nimble sleight.

This she pretended to have lost, as she
(Fainted with feares, and with her travailes tyred)
In the coole shade of a well-haired tree,
Threw water on her joynts with labour fired:
For heavens parch the ayre with hotter rayes,
When with his flaming tongue the dog-star bayes

Madam, quoth she, with feigned teares and sigh,
Grant me your licence to go seek my Gem,
The place of my repositure is but nigh,
Swore by those fires that did enlighten them.
By her virginitie and virgin-vow
Returne ere time could pace a triple now.

Quoth *Piazzella*, I will send a maid
To seek your jewell out with studied care,
Direct her to the shade, wherein you stayd,
For you forbidden are the common ayre;
Our gardens beautifide with *Maya's* glee,
Your farthest journey must and ought to bee.

She urg'd again, but all in vaine she askt,
The Princesse remembred still the Earle,
And feard *Phœliche* his departure maskt
Vnder pretence of seeking for a pearle:
And more suspicious thoughts unto her came,
'Cause she so often kist *Bellama*'s name.

She seeing that this plot did want a stampe
To make it currant passe, like lawfull coynes,
Fear'd her departure from this lanky came,
And vowd to try the virgines skill at foynes:
Yet ere she would attempt that amorous play,
She would attempt escapes some other way.

She veiwd the casements, and did boldly wrench
With courage masculine, the squared barres,
But they did scorne the vigour of a wench,
Like sturdy Okes which slight the windy jarres,
Nay more, deepe waters did begirt them round,
That from the glasse he could not see the groun

Then on the porter did she kindly smile,
And by full tale gave free respects to him,
Thinking to gull *Avaro* by this wile,
Ioyned with language, oyld, perfum'd and trim,
Quoth she thy trust and skill I must employ,
And for thy paines thou shalt have treasures boy.

The greedy Porter like a Goshauke seaz'd
With griping tallons on this Pheasant Cock:
Madam, sayes he, my skill is not diseas'd,
[illegible] dissembling with the honest frock,
[illegible]se your secrets, and be sure, if man
[illegible] you service, then *Avaro* can.

Phœli

Phœliche then, as prologue to her suit,
Gave him a purse full fraught with pseudo-gold,
Told him her bounty brought no worser fruit,
If in th'atchievement hee'd be true and bold.
Thou must some evening let me passe the gates,
And straggle halfe a mile to gather dates.

Madam, Ile do't, it is a small request,
Since you doe merit better at my hand;
If fortune be propitious to my hest,
You on the common shore this night Ile land:
My hands have eyes, and onely what they see
Will they beleeve: give me my minted fee.

Phœliche then pluckt out a silken purse,
Great, and as musicall as th'other was,
Pretending it was stuft with metall curse,
When't onely was with circled ragges of glasse;
Which purposely she did with Dimonds cut,
To gull the Porters hopes, and fill his gut.

Heavens angment your store, Madam, quoth he,
Ile wait you at the middle age of night;
Come to my lodge, and softly call for me:
This handsome cheat *Phœliche* did delight.
To couzen the deceivers is no fraud,
To use a Pimpe, and cheat a rusty Baud.

She scarcely knew what letters spelled grieſe,
For all her thoghts with regal crowns were wreath'd
Yet 'mongst them all, *Bellama* rul'd as chiefe:
At time of rest her body she unsheath'd,
And hous'd within the linnen walles her limbs,
Till night and sleepe did their quick tapers dim.

Avaro (when dayes fisters mistie fog
Had popped out *Apollo's* searching eye,
And gen'rall silence humane tongues did clog,
Locking all sences up with Lethargie)
Stept to his purses, and began to thinke
How he should order his beloved chinke.

Hee'd hang his lodge with Arras, weav'd with gold,
That his successour there might sleepe in state,
Or else, if some revenues would be sold,
Hee'd give them *Darwey* bought at any rate,
That all the Nuns with prayers and holy names,
Might fetch his soule from out the purging flames.

Ile mend high-wayes, or hospitalls repaire,
Else build a Colledge, and endow't with mines.
Thus did he build his castles in the aire:
For all's not cash that gingles, gold that shines,
His glassie coyne leap out of the mint,
Ere on his brow the stamp did currant print.

Thus was he guld, as once a king of France
Payd a French Mounsieur for a prauncing steed,
Gave him a purse whose richnesse did enhance
Th'inclosed gem, suppos'd a noble meed;
But when for golden mountaines he did gape,
He op't the purse, and onely found a rape.

Oh what full anger redded ore his lookes!
What tides of rage and fury sweld his spleene!
He curseth her with candles, belles, and bookes,
And vowd ere long on her to wreak his teen.
Ah me! quoth he, such brittle things are lasses,
Which one poore letter changeth unto glasses.

Phœliche

Phœliche now perceiving all was quiet,
Hearing no noyſe, unleſſe a belly-blaſt,
Which might proceed from an unwholeſome dyet,
Tyde her apparell on with nimble haſte;
And comming to the lodge with knuckle knock,
She ſtrove to ſummon out the lazie frock.

But the grim *Tartar* was ſo ſoundly luld
Without a dram of *Opium* ſteept in Ale,
Tyred with vexing that he was ſo guld,
That all *Phœliches* rappings nought avale,
Till vexed with demurres ſhe knockt ſo lowd,
It rais'd a thunder like a breaking clowd.

Iuſt at that inſtant did *Pazzill* awake
From an affrighting dreame, wherein ſhe ſaw
A dreadfull Lion her *Phœliche* take,
And teare her body with his ſharpaed paw:
And hearing this ſhrill noyſe, feare ſayd twas true,
Danger did threaten her Monaſtick crue.

Her froſtied limbes ſhe heaved out of bed,
And ſheld her body in her night apparell,
Arming her hands with piſtols ſtuft with lead,
Which anger firing, with the aire did quarrell:
And groping in the dark, her foot did ſlip,
Which out oth' barrels made the bullets skip.

Phœliche at that thunder-clap amaz'd,
With haſte retired from the Porters cell,
And meeting her, on one another gaz'd,
The Porter ſtarting up, did ring the bell;
The virgins ſhreekt, which all made murmures ſhrill
Like *Iriſh hubbubs* in purſuite of ill.

When reason somewhat had becalmd their rage,
The Abbatesse *Phœliche* sharply checkt:
Madam, sayes she, I onely came t'asswage
Intestine heates, which all my body deckt
In scarlet dye, and being much appald,
With frisking Fairies I the Porter cald.

Goe, goe, you are a wanton girle quoth she,
That fain would tempt my Porter unto folly,
Madam, *Phœliche* sayd, you injure me,
Sure, if lascivious I had been so jolly,
I might have met with many men more able,
Before I did invest my selfe with sable.

Oh madam, madam, mad *Avaro* cryde,
Why, do you think she could o'recome your frock?
I ne're did yeeld, yet have been often tryde,
My courage hath withstood a greater shock. (gates,
Yet sure she would —— she would have past the
The reason why? forsooth to gather dates.

I am afraid your dukedome, girle does long,
Not for the Porter, he is out of date;
But for an oylie Cavalier that's strong,
May teach her virginship a mothers fate.
Madam, look well, see if you misse no glasse,
I'me sure with brittle coyne she guld an Asse.

Then told the story: *Pizzella* fretted,
This is the Iewell which you would have sought,
When in all haste from hence you would have jetted
What your intendments were, my wisdome thought,
Ile have no gadders; and t'allay your heat,
I have a dyet will prevent a sweat.

In

In a retyred roome ſhe lockt her up,
Devoyd of luſtfull mates with her to play;
Allowd her pulſe, and juice of clouds to ſup,
And bad her ſcores of *Ave Maries* ſay.
Three artificial dayes ſhe lodged there,
Where every day to her did ſeeme a yeare.

When ſhe had paid this penance for her crime,
Which in her judgement was accounted bad,
She was again amongſt the virgines prime,
On promiſe that ſhe would not henceforth gad:
Yet ſtill ſhe plotted, but where ere ſhe went,
The angry deſtinies thwarted her intent

Then from *Bellam'* ſince walls did her en-cell,
She thought t'employ her talent to the beſt:
One of the virgines had ſome vogliarell,
And earneſtly deſir'd with her to reſt.
Who ere the morne did *Piacinto* ſing,
And wore her bluſhes on her ruby'dring.

Next night ſhe choſe another, then another;
Her curious palat ſo to novels ſtood,
That every one had hope to be a mother,
And neare of kin, united in one blood.
But yet, alas! this pleaſure laſted not,
Their virgine-girdles could not keepe their knot.

Not many forthnights after they had tooke
Theſe phyſick potions from their Doctors reynes,
One told her folly by her meagre looke;
Another had more blew than on her veynes,
Others were qualmiſh, and another longs:
All ſpake their pleaſures, yet all held their tongues.

One long'd for Citrons and another grapes
That grew on Alps steepheight, others for peaches:
One strangely did desire the tayles of Apes
Steeped in juyce of Mirtles, holmes and beaches.
Some palats must be fed with implum'd Quailes,
And nothing must approach this tongue but trayls.
(oysters,
Some long'd for Creevish shrimps, Cods, Plaice and
One for a Limmond that doth grow on thones,
Another longeth for some blood of Roysters,
Spic't with the scrapings of pale *Cynthia's* hornes.
One on the bosome of the Matrone skips,
And spight of her full nose did gnaw her lips.

One bad them fill an Orke of *Bacchus* water,
Her thirsty soule she sayd would dreane a tun,
One from her window bids a poore translater
Cut her a cantell of the gawdie Sun:
But above all, I like that witty girle,
Which long'd to feed upon a glorrah Earle.

The jealous matrone with suspitious eye,
Did read their common ill in every face,
E'spyde the breach of their virginity,
And fear'd a plantage with an infant race.
Yet still suppress her knowledge, till at last
Their heaving bellies kist their thickned waste.

She then with friendly summonings did call
The grave Lord Abbot, and his smooth-chin race,
Who coached came unto the virgin-hall,
But all the rabble through the vault did pace:
Arrived here she cooked dainty cates,
To please the Abbot, and his *Tempo*-pates,

So

So call'd a counsell 'bout her *quondam* maids,
Each one admiring who durst be so bold,
Since none had entrance, nor the virgines strayd,
And for the Porter he was known too cold:
The Pryor feard lest one of his square caps
Should guilty be of those up-heaving laps.

It was decreed that they all should be
Shreev'd, being sejoyned from each others ken,
But ere that time the teemers did decree,
What answer to return the shreeving men:
Phæliche did instruct them to deny.
That she gave birth unto their pregnancie.

But they should say, and to that saying seale,
With strong asseverations, that into
Our fast-lockt roome a youthfull blade did steale,
And with the best of wooing did us wooe:
Our cases are the same with *Merlins* mother,
Woe think our lover was his fathers brother.

Twas one mans act, or cloath'd with humane shape,
He was Angelicall, and this we thought,
Because there was no semblance of a rape:
We gave him our assent as soone as sought.
We judg'd un-mauling better in the darke,
Than *Daphne*-like, an husking ore with bark.

The shreevers to their Lords returne with smiles,
And on their lookes a joy ovall chariots had,
Sayd, they confessed them with zeale and wiles,
And by a plain narration knew the dad:
One of those ever-youthfuls came from heaven,
And in the virgins wombes did lay a leaven.

The

The Abbot at this newes did much rejoyce,
Since with a kinde aspect the virgine Ladee,
Viewing this Nunry, did ordaine this choyce,
And for the issue did appoint this dadee,
They shall be Prophets, Priests, of high renowne,
And Virgins which shall keep their bellies down.

Provide them child-bed linnen, mantles, swadles,
Rockers and Nurses, all officious shees,
With Rattles, Corals, little Carres and Cradles,
And give them beads to wait upon their knees,
Romes high Arch-vicar shall a testate bee,
To the first borne whom nature makes a hee.

Take pens, & smooth-strain *Anthems* write in bayes,
Make new *Orizons* unto all the Saints,
And to *Lucina* chaunt invoking layes,
To move her pitty these young mothers plaints
Say, her faire temple need not feare the flame,
Whilst here she wins her an eternall fame.

Phœliche smil'd to see their studied care
To foster whom she at her pleasure got:
But *Piazzella* starting from her chaire,
Called *Phœliche* to survey her knot,
And finding it as at the first 'twas tyde,
How scaped you this Goddy Sire she cryde?

Madam, quoth He-*Phœliche*, I confesse,
I was a party in those spruce delights;
But nature curseth some with barrennesse,
As I have heard *Albertus Magnus* writes.
So that though my desires were full as bigge,
I was not heaved with that curtaine jigge.

Reason

Reason *fortasse's* on her words did stampe,
Which did en-truth thē (thogh they were but squibs).
This done, the Prior did remove his campe,
And all the Friers with hemp-girdled ribs,
All great with expectation, and as faine
Would be deliverd as the full-flankt traine.

They sung *Canzone's* ere the Sun could rise,
And *Ave-Maries* out of number sayd,
Lucina wondred at this strange disguise,
That Nuns and Monkes to her devoutly prayd:
All Beades were ratled, and all Saints invoked,
Some squeald, some tenourd, and some hoarsly croked.

With this conceit *Phœliche* frolique grew,
And sported bravely in the silent houres,
Her bed-mates calld her Angell, yet none knew
That 'twas *Albino* which had cropt their flowres:
But though they reveld in the night, the day
Threw haul-storms on their lust, to chill their play.

Yet had their pleasure not a grand-fire life:
For tatling slumbers did their joyes untone,
You vowd *Phœliche*, I should be your wife,
Sayes *Cloe*, ere you loos'd my virgine-zone:
But ah! so wak't, and feard her vocall slumber,
Would from her eye-lids force a *Trent* & *Humber*.

Sayes *Phill*, *Phœliche* had I knowne at first,
You onely wore the name of *Eolo's* daughter,
I would have suffred an untamed thirst,
Ere lust had brought mine honour unto slaughter:
But oh! and starting up, she fear'd her dreame,
Would ere 'twas long, obscure joyes mirthful gleame

Well,

Well, well, sayes *Floris*, tis an happy change,
To loose mine honour for an Angell-mate,
But Angels will not house in such a grange,
This is the off-spring of *Phœliches* pate:
But ah! so sigh't, and sighing caused feares,
Lest her plump Rosies should be plowd with tears

Yet you must know the virgins did not use
To blab their private actions in a dreame,
But that the cunning Matrone did infuse
Some atomes of the Quiris into creame,
And ere they were inclos'd in *Somnus* armes,
She drenckt their phansies in these liquid charmes.

Then with un-sealed eyes she made her eares
Keep privie watch to intercept their talke,
Yet would have washt her knowledge out with tears
And wisht it written in her minde with chalke:
One while she thankt the God of slumber, then,
Her curses threw him downe to *Pluto's* den.

But when *Aurora* in her Tissue veste,
Mantled with blushes, rose from *Tithons* side,
And through a casement of th'adored East,
Sent *Phosphorus* to usher in her pride,
Ere *Phœbus* our horizon did array,
With silver glitter of the blooming day.

She snatcht her termers from the sweet embrace
And golden fetters of deaths elder brother,
Bidding them hence those deadding slumbers chase,
T'implore the favour of the Virgin-mother.
They starting up with more than common speed,
Each sheld her body in her modest weed.

So

So cal'd to chappell those whose pregnant wombes
The Angels pills had heav'd above their wastes,
Like to a surfet taine of *Hybla's* combes,
When we are too indulgent to our tastes:
But left *Phæliche* out to cut or sue,
Or to embroider with the lankee crue.

Which made a sudden faintnesse loose each part,
And every joynt was like an Aspin leafe,
Her rosie twins retired to her heart,
Her lookes were coloured like a Sun-burnt sheafe,
As the stiffe bristles of an aged Boare,
Were her smooth lockes which ore her cheeks she (wore.
And juster cause had none than she to feare,
For as from quiet slumber she awoke,
She heard the prsick pick *Pazzella's* eare,
That she had knowledge of what *Floris* spoke,
And now she doubted all would come toth'scanning
Their longing, swelling, and their sudden wanning.

The Virgines wondred at *Phæliches* change,
To see her eyes fixt in a white-lim'd wall,
Each feard herselfe, and each conceiv'd twas strange
Left the disease was Epidemicall,
That *Merlins* unkle chang'd *Phæliches* hue,
And streakt their temples with a purple blew.

But leave her sighing with these sterile Dames,
Wee'l crowd into the house of sacred vowes,
Where conscionsnesse begetting female shames,
Spred scarlet carpets on their cheekes and browes,
They lookt and blusht, & glanc't on one another,
Each curst the minute which did dub her Mother.

The

The holy brethren through the mouldy pipe
At that same time did unexpected come,
To know if th'goddy issue yet was ripe,
To give adiew unto their skin-seeld home.
But viewing still their wombs with zealous hands,
They prayd *Lucina* to unty their bands.

Their chauntings dead, the Abbatesse began,
Brethren, you see what sad misfortune haps
Vnto my virgines by the oyle of man;
Witnesse the heaving of their spongie paps:
We of an Angel dream'd; but if he was,
He shall hereafter for an evill passe.

I made their slumbers vocall, so they told
Twas *Folco's* Dukes supposed daughters worke,
Larv'd with that name, it seemes some Royster bold
Them to un-virgin cunningly did lurke.
But since tis so, the proverbe shall stand good,
Tart sawces must be mixt with lushious food.

I knew him to be wanton, and to chill
The raging heat of his unbridled lust,
I doom'd him three dayes penance, judg'd an ill
Would make him spleesse, as the Summers dust.
But since that faild, dayes shal be chang'd to years,
Minutes to months, till payd his tribute teares.

Ile try if griefe will drean his melting reines,
And hang a cratch upon his able back:
If sorrow will unbloud his swelling veines,
And make his sinewes, shrunke with famine, crack.
Ile make a purgatory, where, with hunger,
Frost, flame, & snow, Ile tame my virgin-monger.

Ile

Ile give command, a dungeon shall be made,
To whose close wombe the Sun shall never pry,
Nor *Cynthia* dare to peepe: for gloomy shade
Like clowdy night shall purblinde every eye:
Bare measure foure-foot broad, and for the height
'Tshall make him by constraint, not, court-lye (sleight.

A bed-stead hewn out of the craggie rock,
Not archt with Cedar wainescoat, knobd with gold,
His bed no shrinker, but a sturdy flock:
Swans shall not be dplum'd his limbes t'infold:
Nor curtaind with the travails of the loome
Of poore *Arachne* ere she had her doome.

I will not spend the ransome of a crowne
For curious dainties to delight his taste:
Ile fetch no fowles from off the *Parthian* downe,
Or *Phœnicopter* for luxurious waste.
I will no Mullet from *Corsica* take,
Oysters from *Circes*, or the *Lucrine* lake.

I will allow him pottage thickt with bran,
Of barley meale a chenix every day:
A soveraigne diet for a frolique man
That is affected with the *Pathian* play:
And lest his stomack should too cholricke grow,
I will affoord him some congealed snow.

The bald-pate crew this penance well approov'd,
And in a trice all things she ready got:
So well she stird her stumps (as it behoov'd)
She being hatcher of this starving plot,
This done, with friendly words and courteous aire,
She cal'd *Phœbiche* to her house of prayer.

It

It suites not with your greatnesse, Madam faire,
Being sole daughter to so great a man,
To lodge with those which your inferiours are,
As much as is an inch unto a span,
And I'me afraid the Duke will fume and sweare,
Should but your lodging step into his eare.

Madam, quoth she, you harbour needlesse feares,
Goodnesse, not greatnesse, differenceth maids,
My father's no Tobacconist, and sweares
In poynt of honour, like our scarlet blades:
And, by my faith, it more contenteth me,
To sheet with maidens, though of mean degree.

I am surcharged with the black-hew'd cholar,
Which strikes my phansie with most ugly shapes,
I durst not rest a darknesse for a dollar,
Without a pillow-friend to scare those Apes:
Let *Cloe* with conceits my spirits wing,
Or melancholy will my *Requiem* sing.

You shall sayes she, have *Sesamoideffe*,
For all intreats are of too dull a print,
We must respect your fathers worthinesse,
His honour must your love and passions stint,
And your owne worth must highly be regarded,
How shall I else expect to be rewarded?

Then did she take her by the tender hand,
And led her to her grot in princely state,
She feard not much, nor did her will withstand,
Iudging divorcement was her harshest fate:
But when she saw the entrance was so narrow,
A sudden feare did eat up all her marrow.

Pazzeka

Pazzella viewing her ſuppoſed Laſſe,
Repented her of her intended ills;
But injuries engraven are on braſſe,
And womens joynters are to have their wils.
And leſt remorſe ſhould chill her angry mood,
Fewell was added by the brother-hood.

Then, ſayes ſhe, Madam you behold the cage
Which I prepared for your honours good,
Where you may ſpend the Autumne of your age,
Till age and winter have congeal'd your blood.
You may retire to eaſe, for envy can
Nor dares to ſay, you'r not an able man.

When twice ten circled ſnakes are crawld away,
You ſhall enjoy companions maſculine,
To give inſtructions in that youthfull play
Is fed with *Ceres* and the god of wine:
And if my virgines ſhall hereafter be
Laſcivious given, I will ſend for thee.

Into this Coven was *Phœliche* thruſt,
With bars and locks the entrance ſealed faſt,
Now muſt he pay a deare rate for his luſt,
His Curtain-vezzo, and the Corrall taſte.
Sure, his repentance will be full as deare,
As the Philoſophers *non tanti* were.

Ah foppiſh Monke! did not *Bellama's* no,
Give thee a warning-peece, preſaging danger,
But thou muſt headlong ruſh upon thy woe?
Happy's that man which is to luſt a ſtranger:
If this of dalliance is the conſtant fee,
Let them d—dally that doe lift for me.

Here,

Here, when the barking star his scepter wav'd,
When in our clyme we feele an *Æthiope's* heat,
An under-vault the subtile matrone pav'd,
With fire and flame to force a constant sweat;
That as from flowres, hot Limbecks water still,
So by this stove from him sweat-currents drill.

Then for the winter season she provided
A melting clond-full fraught with feathred raine,
(Whose curious art the aire-borne clouds derided)
Which through some oylet holes might passage gain
His cabine should have been like Alps cold hight
Mantled and strewed ore with winters white.

And twas so darke I cannot see to write:
Nay, at a non-plus it all pencils sets;
Twas helles epitomy, the cage of night,
Wal'd in with pitch, and roofed ore with jets.
The Linx at mid-day here would wish for day,
And Cats without a torch, must grope their way.

But leave him labyrinth'd, and thus distrest,
And see *Bellama*, and examine how
She brookes the absence of her bosome-guest;
If discontent does revell on her brow;
It does: for why she dreames, and never sleepes:
She feeds, and fats not; laughes, but ever weepes.

Disaster hangs upon *Albino* gyves,
Sayes she, else Envy keeps him prisoner,
Or a new Bull does interdict them wives,
So seales the lips, of my petitioner;
Else the smirke knave is so devout in pray'r,
He has no time to kisse the common aire.

But

But does he love? or is't a fit of mirth?
Which like to childrens fanſies ſoone expire,
Ere language or employment give them birth,
Flaſhing affections, ag'd like thunder-fire:
His eyes ſhot *Cupids* at my yeelding heart,
But his firme breaſt repeld my feeble dart.

Perchance he judg'd my forwardneſſe to love,
By too much curtſie and my frequent glances,
So thought in jeſt my willingneſſe to prove,
Not with that ſober paſſion which entrances:
But with lip-love, which to the heart nere ſinkes,
And paper-vowes which take their birth from (inkes.

But ſtay: does greatneſſe uſe to be deny'd?
Beauty and bravery command a graunt;
Yet might my lookes and carriage plum'd with pride
His humble and untowring Spirit daunt,
Daunt? no: his ſoule's a temper moſt divine,
Dares ſoare aloft to kiſſe the Suns neare ſhine.

Then love he does: but muſt this action, Wooe,
Be tyde by patent onely unto men?
Some unfrequented paths of love Ile goe,
And in ſome riddles court him by my pen:
Yet firſt to th' Abbey Ile diſpatch a poſt,
To make enquiry where my Monke doth hoſt.

The Merchant is not with deſires ſo bigge,
When as he plowes the Seas for Indian mines,
With ſlower ſteps the ſoanes of *Bacchus* trigge
To Sack-ſhops for the French and Spaniſh wines.
Then ſhe to *Tagus* bids her ſervant goe
To *Croftfull* Abbey where her wiſhes grow,

Gone

Gone is the messenger, but small successe
Waites on his travailes, for he back returnes,
With Madam, where *Albino's* none can guesse,
They thinke his ashes are inclos'd in urnes:
For time, say they, has counted forthnights many,
Since his choyce feature object was to any.

This answer shot an Hail-storme at her heart,
Whose sudden chilnesse jelly'd all her blood,
Sh'applyed *Holco* to unscrue the dart,
But her assayments brought her little good:
For but *Albino* none can cure her ill,
Not Physick potions, or the druggards skill.

Ah me! Has Fate my deare *Albino* tane?
Then farewell Musick, and you sucing trade,
Either my teares shall body him againe,
Or send my ghost to wayt upon his shade:
For she is judg'd a light unconstant lover,
Whose flame the ashes of neglect can cover.

Have you beheld how, when the moores and marsh
Belch vapours to blemish bright *Titans* eye,
They with his rayes wage conflicts long and harsh,
Confining them unto their proper sky,
(Bribed perchance by envious night to wrap
Day and his champion in his sooty lap.)

So that to us appeares nor Sun nor day,
And onely faith perswades us there is both,
Till day and Sun call in each straggling ray,
And force a passage spight of fume and froth;
Yet then the day but newly seemes to dawne,
And ore the Sun a vaile of Cypresse drawne.

Yet

Iuſt ſo diſeaſing ſorrow, arm'd with teares,
Sighes and black melancholy vaild her face,
So that no ray of lovelineſſe appeares,
And onely faith perſwades us ſhe has grace:
Her eyes retyr'd, her double bluſh was wan'd,
Her lockes diſſever'd, and her Lillies tan'd.

And as in her which arted lookes does ware,
Men looke for natures ſteps, and cannot trace her,
Since ſhe by nature nothing leſſe than faire, (her,
Hath purchas'd from the ſhops ſuch worth to grace
Thogh foule, now faire & ſleek, thogh age did plow
And made long furrowes in her cheek and brow.

So knowledge here was in a maze, the eye,
That knew *Bellama*, did *Bellama* ſeek,
And looking on her, nothing could deſcry,
Spake her *Bellama* or in eye or cheeke.
To loves harſh lawes ſhe gave ſuch conſtant duty,
Sh'ad onely left an Anagram of beauty.

She threw her ſelfe upon her couch of eaſe,
And marſhald all her thoughts in juſt arayes,
This brought ſmall comfort, that did hardly pleaſe,
And in that thought deſpaire the ſcepter ſwayes,
Yet thought ſhe not death could a period ſet,
Vnleſſe he did ſome ſtrange advantage get.

Hee's young and luſty, every veine does ſwell
With *Aqua-vitæ*, corrall juyce of life,
His skill in Magick elſe can frame a ſpell,
To diſtance meagre death and *Atrops* knife:
Yet love gives birth to feare, to defend to ſearch
The Lions flinty bed, and Vultures pearch.

I and

I and my woman will attend the queſt,
Vaild in diſguiſes of ſome country Laſſes:
No ſtate-diſtinction, for my humble breaſt
Shall leave all pride with ſilks, perfumes and glaſſes;
And if with *non inventus* we returne,
Ile *Venus* witchcraft hate, and *Cupid* ſpurne.

When as the ſoveraigne of the day had drawne
A vaile of brightneſſe ore the twinkling lampes,
And threw on *Cynthia's* brow a double lawne,
Clearing the welkin from benighting dampes,
They in the habits of a milking maid,
(All but skin-linnen) did their beauties ſhade.

And in theſe courſe attires they haſted out
To ſeeke *Albino*, through each wood and plaine,
Whom we will leave to pace the world about,
And ſee *Phæliche* wet with eye-lid raine,
Whoſe bondage was the greater, ſince deſpaire
Blaſted all hopes which promis'd her the aire.

The brazen Bull, Strappado, or the rack,
The Faggot-torture, and the piked barrell,
Ballanc't with his, degrees of ſorrow lack,
Tis with a bull-ruſh to decide a quarrell:
The famine wherewithall the *Thracian* knight
Was ſent to *Pluto* wants a little weight.

He that ſtole fire fro th' Chariot of the Sun,
Whoſe liver's vulture gnawne at *Caucaſus*:
He that the counſels of the gods un-ſpun,
Like wantons eyes ſtone-rowling *Syſphus*,
Hold beſt proportion with theſe ſharpned woes,
Which ſterne misfortune on *Phæliche* throwes.

She

She that was glutted with moſt curious cates,
Had every pleaſure to content her luſt,
Who had command ore Fortune, and the Fates,
Now ſups up pulſe, and gnawes a fleeced cruſt.
She that had many girles, is now alone,
And of ſo many cannot compaſſe one.

Had I a fanſie ſteept in ſorrowes brine,
Invention witty in the threnes of woe,
Could ſad experience dictate every line,
A dearth of words would to my muſe ſay no.
I may as well go fathome all the ſpheares,
As meaſure her diſaſters, count her teares.

Oft on remembrance of that harmleſſe bliſſe,
Which (coaped) ſhe enjoyd, her thoughts wold feed
Of on *Bellama's* beauty, touch and kiſſe,
Till ſtrucken dead with thought of preſent need.
Then would ſhe raiſe her thoughts, & hope for day,
And ſtarting up from ſilence, boldly ſay,

Deſpite of Envies vipers, trickes and wiles,
My cradle-play-mate, *Mirth*, Ile nere forſake,
But taſte *Sardinian* hearbs ſhall raiſe up ſmiles,
Though I was wafting ore the *Stygian* lake:
Tortures ſhall nere un-man me, but Ile be
Albino, malice, ſpite of her and thee.

Delayes oft-times from times ſecluded parts
Bring helpe to helpleſſe not expecting aid,
Some of the gods will pitty theſe my ſmarts,
Not ſuffer them to whet the Sextons Spade.
Or if the gods midſt flames then ſcorpion-like,
Ile gore my breaſt, and fall on mine owne pike.

Yet ha I suffered for a courteous one; (row,
These woes shold ne're had power t'have rais'd a sor-
But when mine eyes did in my breast enthrone
Her——her of whom, hell cruelty may borrow.
This is the height of woe, death and diseases,
Nay, hell it selfe, to this compared, pleases.

Yet stay, say *Neptunes* pallace shall be land,
And this firme ball of earth a liquid brack;
Say the North-pole with *Phœbus* shall be tand,
And to the South the Lillies shall be black.
Say this, and more, before thou dare to say
Bellama is *Maiboun* or *Maibelli*.

No more of this, wee'l for her freedome plot,
A pious Monke perceiving well her smart,
With diligence assayd to purge each spot,
With holy Creuse from her divinet part.
But still her answer was, nor man nor lover,
Nor she, the virgines ankles did discover.

Alas! my brother, I am not a male,
But a weake Sience of the weaker sex
The Ladies spake the truth (might truth prevaile)
But me with torture *Pracell* doth vex;
'Cause at my entrance I did promise faire,
Yet 't proves court-language, meerly, purely, aire.

But all this time she would not licence daigne
That I three yards behinde should leave the gates,
And fumed when I would have left her traine,
T'have sought a jewell, and to gather Dates.
So that the Duke my father ne're had ken
Of my encloystring in this hate-light den.

But gainſt it now reſolving, I intend
To turne the ſtreame of his munificence
On you deare brother, if you'l be my friend,
And plot how I may be deliver'd hence:
Lend your endevours, and Ile lend my wit,
Vow faithfulneſſe, and I will warantie.

Ile wooe my father for his free aſſent,
If to your barren Cowle you'l bid farewell,
That *Hymens* rites may perfect our content
By joyfull eccho's of the marriage bell.
'Cauſe you in perſon doe reſemble him
Whom 'mongſt all men I onely judged trim.

The Monke gave eare unto her winning prate,
And gazed on her beauty maſculine,
Whoſe feature might delude a wiſer pate,
Aſſiſted onely by a tallow-ſhine:
For by an unctious ſalve, ſhe kept her chin
From the haire-mantle of an aged skin.

Madam, ſayes he, I judge your language true,
And to your vowes I dare my credence lace:
Your virgin-bluſhes innocence doe ſhew,
And modeſty is printed on your face.
Faith, truth, and honeſty reſide with mee,
My beſt endevours ſhall your ſervants be.

Well, ſayes *Phœlithe*, I have now decreed
(Since *Phœbus* has forſook our hemiſpheare)
To ſheath my body in your holy weed,
Then through the private walk my courſe wil ſteere.
So from your holy walles Ile take my flight,
Or by permiſſion, or in ſilent night.

And when I am arriv'd at *Folco's* towers,
My Father shall your matchlesse kindnesse know,
Who, I am sure, will summon all his powers
To fetch thee from this house of flame and snow:
And who with much contentment will not brook
Some three dayes penance to be made a Duke.

For by inheritance the Dukedome's mine,
When death unbody shall my fathers soule,
Since no heire-males descended from our line,
The *Salique* law cannot my right controule.
And to assure thee that I'me onely thine,
I sweare by all the powers that are divine.

Then did she circle with ensphearing arme,
Conrado's neck, and amorously him lipt,
Which did the amorist so strongly charme,
That he with haste out of his vestments skipt,
And bad *Phœliche* change, for in good deed,
He should full well become her virgine weed.

Phœlich undrest, and drest, and having made
Herselfe a Monke, put on *Conrado's* face,
And some few minutes with her Monkship playd,
Then gave a farewell to that hated place.
But ere her quick dispatch could post her thence,
Her beauty shot a fire through every sence.

Feare now exilde the confidence hee tyde
Forc't by affection to *Phœliche's* words,
Revokt his promise now, all; ayd denyde,
And with majestick lookes and gestures lords,
His flaming lust dissolv'd his pious snow,
And now his lowd desires will have no No.

But

But vowes to diſ-encloath her, and to breake
Her virgine-ſeale, deſpight of force or ſmiles,
Till *Folco* ſtrove, and made his noddle leake
Sardonick liquor to new-paint the tiles,
So haſted out, and to the Matrone gave
The Iron Porter of *Conrado's* grave.

Imping his haſte, he threads the vaulted lane,
Not wounded by his ſoles, this many a day,
Like thoſe, which, when arraign'd, a pardon gaine,
Dare neither at the gaole nor gallowes ſtay.
And comming to the poſterne gate, he knockt:
Which at devotion time was alwayes lockt.

But when the laſt *Amen* had ſilenc't prayer,
The *Porter* to *Albino* entrance gave,
Who ſtraight was broght unto the judgment chaire,
Where, furd with ſtate, did ſit the Abbot grave,
Who ſayd, *Conrade*, why was your ſtay ſo long?
You miſt the Manna of the Even-ſong.

Pſeudo-*Conrado* anſwerd him, My Lord,
I found *Phæliche* ſo oppreſt with griefe,
That charity commanded me t'affoord,
By learning, prayers and Anthemes ſome reliefe:
And truly on my faith, I am perſwaded,
A virgine-lady with theſe weeds is ſhaded.

I moov'd to pitty by her ſtreaming teares,
Her ſighing gales, lowd threnes, and ſad laments,
Won by her beauty, and her tender yeares,
Have promis'd ayd, confirmd by your aſſents.
And in all haſte will tell her fathers grace,
What clowds of woe bemiſt *Phæliches* face.

She promis'd me, when as her freedom's seald,
When she shall re, enjoy the glorious light,
When the sad sentence of her woe's repeald,
She will be mine in spite of envies might.
Nay more, she from the Dukedome will extract
Some Lordships to performe a pious act.

Forthwith a Synod of the holy men
Wascal'd to broach the wisedome of their pates,
The questions were propos'd, Who? what? and when?
The who is *Folco's* daughter; what, estates.
The when, so soone as shee by *Folco's* powers
Shall shell her body in proud *Gunby's* towers.

This answer smelt of profite, and did gaine
The Abbots liking, and his griping crue,
Sayes he, *Conrado* true consent does raigne
And triumph in our thoughts, we yeeld to you,
Successe waye on thy voyce, for to thy care
Our wishes, hopes, desires, entrusted are.

Feare not, quoth he, my faith dares warrant all,
All things are reall, as my words are true;
My selfe will pace unto faire *Gunby* hall,
And with emphatick language plead and sue:
So that old *Folco's* lungs shal crack with laughter,
To heare me chat the travailes of his daughter.

First, she mistrusting that she should be forc't
By his proud nod, unto a hated pillow,
From folly, *Folco*, Folke herselfe divorc't, (low,
To twist for scorned mayds, some wreathes of wil-
How zealously she prayd, and looke demurely,
She is in thought, and word, a virgin surely.

But

But the conceit is this, who bridles laughter?
That virgines holy, pure, and Nuns to boot,
Should thicken with the pilles of *Folco's* daughter,
Sing lullaby's, and to *Lucina* hoot,
T'increase the wonder then, & impe his pleasures,
To *Folco* Ile present these waggish measures.

Behold, admire, and some contentment gather
From Nuns that teeme, and by a virgin-father.

WOnder and admiration cease to gaze
On flashing meteors, starres, and comets blaze,
Let not *Vitruvius*, or th'*Ichonian* beast
Putzol or *Ætna* slide into your breast:
Ope not your eares unto those cracket of thunder,
Whose Canon eccho's split the orbes in sunder.
Lend not your audience to those fond reports
Of *Obr'on*, *Mabell*, and their Fairy sports,
Nor tye your credence to the Poets pen,
Which writes the noble acts of warlike men,
Of Monsters, Moon-calves, merry games, & maskes,
Atlas stiffe shoulders, and *Alcides* taskes,
Amazement flies these bables, and does pin
Faith, eyes, and thoughts, unto this curtaine-sin.
That a pure virgine should un virgine others,
And though a virgine, yet make many mothers.
Make them heave up, be qualmish, pale, and cry,
A Mid-wife (hooh) a Mid-wife, else we dye.
It is an Africke crow, a fable Swan,
To have a vestall puffed up with man.
But that so many Nuns un-maydend are,
B'a Nun without a man, is more than rare.
The *Sybils* virgine is not worth a rush,
And *Merlins* mother may with envie blush.

These, though they soard above the pitch of reason;
Yet crost not natures order, course or season,
For women teemd as women, but a woman
As man, makes virgines teeme, and yet is no man,
This—this is object unto fame and wonder,
Then make each clime with this *Mirandum* thunder.

About this time, night summond them to rest,
And each repaired to his sturdy bed.
Albino's feares his hopes and joyes suppresst.
But in the rest, content struck sorrow dead:
They slept untill the bright enlightned aire
With silver glitter cald them up to prayer.

But our *Albin* took earlier leave of sleepe,
And sheath'd his body in his Monkish vests,
Knockt at his lodge which did the entrance keepe,
Who, that he could not wake himselfe, protests,
Thou art some Fury, Hag, or Hob, I troe,
That boldly at my lodge dost thunder so.

Albino sayes, what phrensie dampes thy reason?
Arise, my haste commands a frequent rap.
Begone, quoth he, entreates are out of season,
Worshipfull Hob, I le have another nap,
Tis not mine houre to rise untill I heare
The clapper sound a *surge* in mine eare.

When our young Monke had many minutes spent,
And could not *Foppo* from his pillow reare,
About that time lights charioter had sent
Dayes trusty Herbinger his Orbe to cleare.
He searcht the walls, and traffickt with the lock,
But all in vaine, he must implore the frock.

The

The Chappell-clarke as constant to his houre,
As is dayes Heraild, which at breaking crowes,
Seeing *Aurara* did his windowes scowre,
And leapt into his chamber, straight arose,
Making the shrill-ton'd bell in ecchoes speake,
Awake and rise to prayer, the day does breake.

Foppo was at that time in *Morpheus* court,
Where he with apparitions was affrighted,
The Scœne was chang'd, then came a dainty sport,
Whose sudden neatnesse every sence delighted,
Then dreamt *Albine* their runnigado Monke
Was knocking at his lodge the other *Nunc*.

Then dreamt he saw a table richly spread,
With all the dainties ryot ever felt:
All birds of warrant which in woods are bred,
With Salmon, Mullet, Turbot, Trout and Smelt.
The Princely-pacing Deere entombd in paste,
Enbalmd with spices to delight the taste.

A sparkling wine-drawne newly from the cheeke
Of some chaste faire, which blushes coloured red,
With brisk Canary, and enlivening Greek,
Poetick Sherry, which can sharpen lead.
This ravisht *Foppo* with a taste-content,
Till to his eare the Bell an errand sent.

When starting up, he deemd the bell did call
His able stomack to a Founders feast,
And with all speed was swogging to the hall,
But that *Albino* stayd him by the creast,
And lue-warme claret from his hogshead drew,
To make his stomacke give the Deare adiew.

Quoth he, thou sonne of *Somnus*, drowsie slave,
Why didst thou not at my lowd summons rise?
But in a fit of lunacie didst rave,
As though thy wit had tane some new disguise?
Ile be your *Hob*, your *Hag*, and though I'me loath,
Will now chastise thee for thy feigned sloath.

But whilst his passion tooke a breathing space,
The wakned Porter from his sits did creepe,
Fixed his goggles on his youthfull face,
And then remembred his prophetick sleepe.
Tels him hee's not *Conrado*, for he knowes
That brow, those cheekes, lips, eyes, *Albino* owes.

And though your wrath should grind me unto powder,
Without a warrant, I will ope no gate,
This answer made *Albino's* anger lowder,
And vowd a passage bought at any rate:
So leapt upon the slave with nimble strength,
And measurd on the earth his ugly length.

Albino hastes to th'posterne, having got
The keyes, but'mongst so many much was puzzled
To finde the right, *Foppo* mean while did trot
Vnto some chambers where the thavelings nuzzled,
And them with our-cryes raysed to surprise
Albino, larvedin *Conrado's* guise.

Like penancers, with linnen on their backes,
The bald-pates ran to seize upon their pray;
But yet their haste a semi-moment lackes,
Albino through the gate had found a way.
And snatching out the keyes, did them encage,
Raising a Bulwarke to withstand their rage.

Then

Then thankt his ſtarres, that thus deliverd him
From dangers, which did threaten nought but death,
For he by th' verge of *Mare mort* did ſwim,
And did expect his lateſt gale to breath.
Nay, theſe late troubles had him, ſo diſ-harted,
That every ſhadow 'lmoſt the union parted.

You, whoſe diſaſters ſome proportion hold,
Helpe my weake phanſie to expreſſe his feares,
Teach me my rithmes in *Cypreſſe* to enfold:
From thwarted lovers horrow me ſome teares,
Fetch me ſome grones from the aſcending thiefe,
And from the inquiſition fetch me griefe.

Without demurres *Albino* left the wicket,
Fearing the Monkes ſhould bribe the faithleſſe lock,
And ſteerd his courſe unto a well-grown thicket,
Whoſe lofty hill was armd with many a rock,
He envies ſculls, that wayt on ſpit and oven,
And vowes nere more to ſee that hated coven.

Have you beheld the ſtately pacing ſtagge
Flying the ecchoes of ſome deep-mouth'd hounds,
How firſt his brow does weare a ſerny flagge,
And with curvaitings beates the quaking ground:
Telling the Fawns & wood-nymphs that he ſcorns
The hounds, horſe, huntſmen, and their warbling (hornes.
But when he is emboſt in blood and ſweat,
When travaile on his ſwifrneſſe fetters hangs,
He then is frighted with the ſhrill recheat
And feares a pinking with the yellers fangs:
Seekes e'ry where for ſhelter, and dares ruſh
Maled with feare into the ſharpeſt buſh.

Soo

So far'd it with *Albino*, whilst he had
Fate at a becke, commanded fortunes wheele,
Was called by his *Domnes* active lad,
He thought his joyes were walled in with steele,
Slighted misfortune, envie set at nought.
And braving malice dar'd in every thought.

But when his towring heart was taught to know
Humiliation, and selfe-confidence,
Was strucken dead with famine, flame and snow,
Although his geniall starres had freed him thence.
He feares the Monkish rabble, and he shrowdes
Himselfe in caves, encurtaind round with clowds.

In his dark-house he heard a feeble voyce,
Breathd from the corrals of some weakned maid,
At first concealment was his better choyce,
Till pitty set an edge upon his blade.
Then guided by the cry, he saw a Royster
Did in his armes perforce a Nymph encloyster.

Yet seeing home-spun russet, stopt his pace;
Saying by this, what honour shall I gaine?
But in his eye so curious was her face,
Though maskt and blubberd ore with brackish raine,
That he forthwith unsheathd his trusty Turke,
Cald forth that blood which in his veines did lurk.

So stepping forward, cryes, Injurious slave,
Vnto what baseneſſe does thy folly tempt her?
Who answerd him, Fond soole, thy fooliſh brave
From my decreed end shall not exempt her.
Befriend me Queen of *Cypresse*, and in spight
Of force or Fortune, Ile have my delight.

Desist

Deſiſt, *Albino* ſayes, or elſe I vow
By all thoſe tapers which enrich the night,
Ile make pale death ſtrew *Cypreſſe* on thy brow,
And to th' infernall ſhades thy ſoule will fright.
Ceaſe from thy brutiſh rape, or elſe prepare
Thy curſed lungs to draw the *Stygian* ayre.

Quoth the rude *Sylvan*, I am paſt that age,
Which with Bug-bears the foppiſh nurſe does fright;
Hence curtaine-ſquire, ſmock-groom, & urine-page,
Ile have no teſtates unto my delight.
Pack hence with ſpeed, or by *Actæons* head,
My weightie falcheon ſhall pronounce thee dead.

Well, ſayes *Albino*, ſince thou'lt not deſiſt,
Prove the adventures of a bloody duell,
One of our threads fell *Atrops* ſhall untwiſt,
For to my rage kinde pitty lendeth fuell.
To free a virgine from thy gryping pawes,
I judge well pleaſing unto natures lawes.

They claſpt their Helms, and buckled to their fight,
Twixt whom no umpire was but meagre death,
The woodd ards greene with *Tyrian* dye was dight,
Who now deſires a minutes ſpace to breath,
Albino gave the truce, yet but to breath,
His valour ſcornd to crowd into the ſheath.

Then did his nimble ſlight and courage ſhew
Faining a ſtroake, but poynted at his breaſt,
Which op't a doore, whereat his ſpirits flew,
And well nigh ſet his fainting ſoule at reſt.
With that th'enfeebled *Sylvan* weakly cryes:
Hold, hold thy hand, or elſe *Sylvanus* dyes.

Doſt

Dost call for mercie, sayes *Albino*, now,
And all thy thoughts erstwhile triumphant rid?
I seek not murder may I save my vow,
That I should joy in blood my starres forbid,
I am content the virgines voyce shall seale
Thy death or pardon, if thou make appeale.

Faire virgine, quoth *Sylvanus*, pitty is
The onely grace that gives a virgin price.
Remission crownes a heart with greater blisse,
Then to hang iron on weak natures vice.
The rayes of your bright beauty urg'd desire,
Your feature kindled lust, love blowd the fire.

The virgin answerd, I did never suck,
The Tygers dugges, the Lioness and Bare.
Nor from a reeking breast an heart did plucke
Never will I in blood with vultures share.
But since submission speakes from voyce and knee,
Kinde pitty thins the fault, and pardons thee.

Then to *Albino* sayes, Heroick youth,
May all the blessings which attend on man,
Felicitate thy life, and to buy truth
To words, I dare doe more than virgines can.
But above all I wish, may natures pride,
Lillies and Roses inter-twine thy bride.

But yet alas! to recompence by ayres
So large, a bounty, and so free, is poore:
Yet why may not a spotlesse virgines prayers,
Wingd with desire, unclaspe high heavens doore,
Accept of this, and if the Fates befriend me,
These blessings which I wish for, shal attend thee

Natures

Natures sole wonder, beauties onely gem,
Quoth he, my valour and my feeble armes,
(If your perfections had not strengthned them)
Could not have freed you from intended harmes.
Ascribe the honour to your matchlesse face,
My courage merits not the meanest place.

Yet had I sworn through seas of steaming blood,
And past through Nitre flames that belch forth lead,
Had all the Furies arm'd with vipers stood
T'have stopt my passage, or pronounc't me dead,
I would have thrown the dye, my fortune tryde
T'have bought you freedome, though in crymson (dyde.

For when mine eyes sent forth the farthest glance,
To fetch th'Idæa of your beauty in,
That very sight my sences did intrance,
And made my thoughts excuse *Sylvanus* sin:
For sure your quickning rayes can melt a snow,
On which the windes of age and sorrow blow.

But why doe I upon the *Elarayse*
Thy noble worth, and yet intend to wooe,
Since beauty oft displayes her plumes at praise,
Then by this doing, I my selfe un-doe.
Yet where I vertues finde refinde as gold,
Despaire shall never make affections cold.

Be pleased then to thinke the god of Love
With guilded arrow has transfixt my heart,
And let my purpled breast your pitty move,
With Balsame of regard, allay my smart,
Send thy quick eyes into my breast to see
What tortures prick my heart to purchase thee.

Sir

Sir, I am griev'd, quoth she, you are allyde
To him, whose quiver crownes a lovers wish,
Else at a twelve score distance might y'ave spyde
You cast your net to mesh a simple fiish.
Your worth and feature does entitle you
To *Cytherea* with her silver hue.

When I, alas! am but an homely mayde,
Borne to a spindle, and to serve a plow.
To milke my spongie-teated cowes, I strayde,
Which here amongst these tender hazels low.
My starved fortunes cannot thinke of love,
Nor does my envy wound the billing Dove:

This answer silenced *Albino's* hopes,
Which spake as lowd as though they kist the sheets,
He in his thoughts commends the quiet copes,
Which taste no sowre in hunting after sweets.
Alcides life, quoth he, compar'd to mine,
Is trouble-free, spic't with contents divine.

Faire mayd, what hatred frosteth your desires?
What steames of envy choake bright *Venus* lampe?
Give some kinde fuell to maintaine my fires,
A frowne of yours will all my vitals dampe.
Oyle ore my writhled heart, or let me know
From what black heads these bitter cadents flow.

Your favours Sir, have such commanding power,
That tis unjust your wishes to deny,
Accurst with all black tempests be that houre
In which my heart gave credit to mine eye,
Else would I not have been so much averse,
T'a minde so noble, and a feature terse.

But

But now alas! my ſelfe, my ſelfe am not,
For heartleſſe I, my heart have gin away,
An Abbey-brother has that treaſure got,
Albino night, hee's *Phœbus* of my day.
Your habit ſpeaks you a Monke, Sir, if you can,
Tell me where I may find that (ah me) man.

Be pleas'd, quoth ſhe, to tell me where I may,
Or goe my ſelfe, or elſe a ſervant ſend.
Faire mayd, quoth he, it is a gloomy way
Leads to the bed of your benighted friend.
His aſhes are in *Darwey* Abbey layd,
But his faint Ghoſt walkes with' *Elizian* ſhade.

But is he dead, ſayes ſhe, and lowdly ſhreekt,
Which wak't *Narciſſus* hate to ſecond her,
Her roſyes dewd with melting chryſtall, reekt,
And ſorrow did her trembling heart interre.
Symptomes of ſad deplorings nere were know ne,
Which were not in her ſharpe lamentings ſhowne.

Choyce mayd (quoth he) do not deſtroy your roſyes,
And blaſt your beauty with ſuch ſcalding ſighes,
In natures garden there are choycer poſyes,
More comely features, and more agile thighes,
What though *Albino's* dead, another may
Be trulier tearmd the *Phœbus* of your day.

Oh doe not ſtaine, ſayes ſhe, his ſpotleſſe name,
Within his boſome every vertue rang'd,
Equals to him dull nature cannot frame,
Though ſhe ſhould labour till herſelfe be chang'd:
It is a ſhame to aske more favours, yet
Grant me this one, becauſe my ſunne is ſet.

My

My pitty sav'd, when as your fury had
The rough-pawd Sylvan minced with your skeane,
Oh with same courage let your minde be clad,
With your sharpe Cemeter my liver dreane,
Why should I be a liver, since hee's dead,
Who was my hope, my health, my heart, my head.

How am I chang'd, quoth hee? my heart does beate,
The fainting summons of the childe of sinne,
My knees doe quarrell, and a chilling sweate
Cold as the dew of winter, oyles my skin,
Feare snatcheth from my roseat banks their blood,
And drownes my liver in a sanguine flood.

Tis strange a naked breast of bleached snow,
And chrystall mounts, enricht with corrall heads,
(On which the purple violets doe grow)
Should dare mine arme, and strike my courage dead.
My steele a breast of iron has unhing'd,
And knees of brasse have to my fury cringed.

Had some vaste Gog, or he whom *Tellus* brought,
One got by Fury, or *Gradivus* mate;
Who, but with monsters, ne're convers'd with ought,
Dar'd with a looke, mine arme had weakned Fate.
But at this feeble voyce my blood does start,
And into pitty melts my swelling heart.

Then name no more those words: for they at once,
Doe both un-edge my valour and my steele,
Too safely doe your vertues keep the sconce,
My steadiest thoughts, struck with these letters, reele:
My sacrilegious hand shall never staine,
Vertues sole Temple, and the graces fane.

Dry

ry up those furrowing cadents: will you give
our lovely selfe in marriage unto him,
I shall say *Albino*, yours does live,
ndin your view his comely portraict lim.?
Say, I to this, and I will try my skill,
To make him pace along yon craggy hill.

Tis th'countenance which my wishes crave,
Nought halfe so sweet, sayes she, as *Hymens* tedes,
Albino then the haired earth did shave,
nd hedg'd two circles in with ropes of beads:
Then quartring them, did take the virgines hand,
And bad her with unshaken courage stand.

Thou must not be surpriz'd with shivering feare,
Though *Cerberus* the Ianitor o: Hell,
Though seven-headed Hydra, Panther, Beare,
The Lyon, Tyger, or the Dragon yell,
Although a monster spits forth flashing powder,
Thogh clowds & winds strive which should bellow (lowder.

This sayd, with creuze of holy water hee
Besprinkled ore himselfe, besprinkled her,
And zealously did crosse: the same did she,
Like a devout *Romezzo* conjurer.
This done: fair maid quoth he, if Fates befrend me,
The servants of your beauty shall attend thee.

Then gan to invoke, or seeme t'invoke,
With uncoth language, the infernall crue,
Vitz, Allafoun, Trallasht, with elfish poake,
Trollox and *Chimchish*, with your grisly hue,
Gnarzell and *Phrizoll*, which in *Styx* do wade,
Lê porie Albino from the *Stygian* shade.

When

When from his lips these words had tane their flight
A shuffling whirle-puffe roar'd amongst the trees,
Th'affrighted leaves tooke flight, the grasse look white,
The quaking poplars fell upon their knees.
Ioves sacred tree stood cringing unto it,
And bowd his head, else twas in sunder split.

Then from a breaking clowd a sheet of fire
Encircled them, and dasht against an Oke,
Vshring a thunder, whose untamed ire,
Like dreadfull tyrants, nought but terrour spoke.
And as unwilling to depart from them,
His irefull cracks the trembling grove did hem.

These suddenly succeeding so the first,
And at that instant when he feign'd a spell,
Did make *Albino* judge himselfe accurst,
Thinking his Aoyce unhing'd the gates of hell,
Bellama's tresses wore as white as snow,
As though the *Phyma* did upon them blow.

And justly, for though these but common were,
Yet at that time, when faintnesse kept the wicket,
Which at each shadow op't the gate to feare,
In that darke place, that unfrequented thicket.
I blame not, though her courage hab been colder,
And in Art Magick wish *Albino* bolder.

But when the storme was past, his courage got
The conquest of his feare, made his quick eyes
Stand Sentinell, t'advantage more his plot,
And looking, from the mountaine he espies
A man descending, as he told the mayd,
Which the lowd tempest of his fears allayd.

Then

Then sayes, behold the object of your hope,
Away springs she from off that gloomy place,
Posts to the hill, forsakes her Magicke cope,
Meane while *Albino* doffes *Conrado's* face,
And set upon his lookes *Albino's* dye,
So inapt with love, unto the mount did flye.

Where he espyde *Bellama* rove about,
Crying, *Albino*, dost thou flye from me?
The man was but a silly sheepheard lout,
That climbd the hill, his fleesie traine to see.
And when his eyes had health'd his wealthy flocks,
Trudg'd to his cote, wald in with sturdy rockes.

Albin' encountring her, sayes, Lovely mayd,
Was't your small voyce that did *Albino* call?
Twas I. poore I, the fainting virgin sayd:
Why was I forc't from *Rhadimanthus* hall?
Who was't quoth he, that with commanding aire,
Snatcht me forth' armes of *Proserpina* faire?

Twas a courteous Monke, quoth she, whom I
Humbly intreated to deliver thee.
Alas, sweet maid, quoth he, Fates doe deny
Freedome from thence, nor can I pay the fee.
Fee, sayes she, feare not, if an Earldome can
Purchase thy freedome, I will give it man.

Thou canst not ransome one from *Pluto's* jayle,
Shouldst thou lay downe the gawdy triple crowne,
With steely hearted Fate nought can prevaile,
On whose harsh brow there ever dwels a frowne.
Speake faire, thy businesse, for I must begone,
Grim *Charon* waits for me at *Acheron*.

Ah

Ah me, quoth she, and is it truth I heare?
Then deare *Albino*, I will wait on thee:
You'r like to finde, quoth hee, but homely cheare,
If in my dyet you partake with me.
Famine's a favour unto me, sayes she,
Bridewell a bride-house, if I live with thee.

But prythee, what is *Radamanthus* fell,
And she whom thou didst *Proserpine* call?
Sweetest, quoth he, he is the judge of hell
That doomes us tortures, or does us enthrall.
For if our innocence doe plead for us,
We're led t'*Elizium* from darke *Erebus*.

That other was the *Thracian* harper matt,
Whom *Pluto* forc't unto his gloomy house,
His divelship with smiles to recreate,
Full bowles of his *Nepenthe* to carouse.
I'me glad I know, quoth she, for jealous feares
Vnto my heart did travell from my eares.

Why, lovely mayd, did ever I behold
Before this time, quoth he, your comely face?
How deare *Albino*, must you now be told,
Who your *Bellama* is? tis high disgrace,
Sure you of *Lethes* streames have deeply drank,
Which doth the powers of your minde disranke.

Hah! quoth *Albino*, can my dulnesse thinke
That homely russets my *Bellama* vaile?
I deeply of oblivion sure did drinke,
Did I not know her from a milking paile?
Peace pretty faire, do not my saints prophane.
Her beauty has not such course lodging tane.

Wel

Well, quoth *Bellama*, will you me diſcard,
When for your ſake I've run through all diſaſters?
Muſt ſlights and *neſcios* now be my reward?
Will you make vlcers, and apply no plaſters?
Cloath'd in this courſe arraay, I rov'd abrode,
To finde the place of thy ſecure abode.

Sweet, ſayes *Albino*, let not anger dreſſe
Thy ſtainleſſe lillies in diſtractions dye,
Let ignorance plead pardon, for I gueſſe,
Some other beauties may *Albino* cry,
Might now a ghoſt permitted be to kiſſe,
My lips ſhould ſuck from thine a cherry-bliſſe.

Why, ſayes *Bellama*, has a ghoſt no lips?
Is there no pleaſure dwels in ſpirits vaines?
This (might a ghoſt) does all my joyes eclyyſe,
For now I have my labour for my paines.
Pray, what was *Merlins* father? is't not ſayd,
Spirits have power a damſell to unmayd?

Theſe words proceeding from *Bellama's* lips,
Did make *Albino* Myrrine juyce carouſe,
To rayſe an active heate, which nimbly skips
In every veine, like Fayes in *Obrons* houſe.
But when he was no ghoſt, and hop't to merit
Love for love, he found her of another ſpirit.

Away, fond Monke, quoth ſhe, doſt thinke that I
Into a ſea of griefe will wade with thee?
And drowne my fortunes, make an Earldome dye?
Doſt think humility reſides with me?
Canſt thinke I'le chooſe a pebble, ſlight a pearle?
Marry a thread-bare cowle, and ſcornd an Earle?

What

What doore to thy presumption did I ope?
What symptomes of affections did I show?
What actions gainfull birth unto thy hope?
Or from what vow did thy assurance grow?
Cease then, for I take it in high disdaine,
To thy course worth my smallest ray to chaine.

Disdaine? quoth yong *Albino*, can this be
The voyce of my *Bellame*? Is there such oddes?
If not in birth, in worth I equall thee:
Although my Muse shot love into the gods,
Disdain's a pitch too high for maids to reach.
Scarce will the queen of pride such doctrine teach.

Presumption too? Does he deserve that brand,
Who dallies with consent, invited to't?
What firmer seale, then language, lip and hand?
What better warrant, than desir'd to do't?
Say, he is sawce that with crustyed fists,
Pawes a court-silke, and melts her balmy wrists.

Who feeted that ænigma, whose kinde ayre,
Spake me the onely high in thy esteeme?
Was I not bosomd more than parents (Faire?
Did not thine owne voyce that saint-secret seeme?
Who brib'd your full face-gazings? and what she
Iudg'd none praise, lip, deserving of but me?

Did not you in misterious postures wooe me?
And gainst *Bardino* levied all your spight?
Nay, by *Barraba* sent invitements to me?
And dub'd me by your knot the *Red-rose Knight*?
Did not your with glue feathers on your feet,
To thread a casement when I pac't the street?

And

And after these, ah, thousand more, and nearer
Seales of thy love, must slights unseele your lips?
A puny-mistres-hunter well may feare her,
When pride at high noone can my sun eclips.
Fury lend me thy poyson, rage thy breath,
That I by pride doomd, may doome beauty death.

You pale-fac't shadowes of the gloomy Iles,
Fill up my gall, and lend me all your powres,
To torture women, who enricht with wiles,
From their moist eyes send forth dissembling showrs
Would *Iove* the mount had barren been of stones
Whereof old *Pyrrha* fram'd the female bones.

Would *Ses's* daughter that same Queen of faces,
Her alabaster box would daigne to me,
Once *Pnao's* ferry pay, that gave such graces,
Which till that time the Sun did never see.
That I not onely might, as others are,
Be counted comely, but oth' fairest, faire.

Then would I slight those formall trickes of love,
Those sighs, tears, vows, complaints, & folded arms,
Caps, cringes, oathes, and complements to move
Th'affections of a Girle expecting charmes.
For wealth, wit, wisedome, eloquence & greatnesse
Are lesse inducements unto love than neatnesse,

How now *Albino*, is your doublet growne
Too strait, sayes she, that you doe puffe and swell?
Peace, peace, let not your choler thus be shown.
A thing impossible, sayes he, you tell.
In vaine we call for peace, and calmnesse praise,
When love and hate intestine warres doe raise.

Women have double pupils, so they can,
Kill like the Basilisk, but with a glance,
Their very praise does blast and wither man,
Like frost and winter, or his soule intrance:
They're all like *Glaucus* wife, whose filthy charms
Won poore *Ulysses* to her lustfull armes.

They're *Holgoy*, *Africanes*, and fiends they are ——
Words know not what they are, they're hell to me,
Would *Jove* I had the *Heliostrophio* faire,
To touch all mayds, or if not all, yet thee.
Or had been borne under the Scorpions head,
With Amulets t'have struck thy beauty dead.

Ah faithlesse Polupists! that thus can change
Into an hundred thousand shapes, your mindes?
Phœbe to you is constant, tides doe range,
Yet back returne: more setled are the windes.
Meere *Pompholix*, which with each breath does stray
Your loves with catch-feathers too, and fly away.

Sometimes a fit of sullens seales your jawes,
In contemplation big, (of *Iove* knowes what)
And then againe, as if your tongues made lawes,
You weary time with your eternall chat.
Ah *Mantuan*, *Mantuan*, thy pen is not a lyer,
Although thy habit sayes thou wert a Frier.

Erst while a sober Nun *Bellama* was,
Then a *Lucretia*, at another gale
I know not what, a straggling countrey lasse,
A quinque-letterd, haps, which set to sale,
Now none more willing unto love than she,
And now more further off from love or me.

Yet

Yet call that haſty language back a while,
Bellama is not ſuch, ſhee's *Cupids* dart,
Teach me, great *Iove*, to make *Bellama* ſmile,
And with one ray ſun her *Albino's* heart.
Thou purblinde boy, teach me to gain *Bellama*:
Straight *Eccho's* voyce returnd him anſwer, *Ama*.

Thankes gentle *Eccha*; might thy voyce divine
Speak truth in this, that love commandeth love,
I would through every mood and tenſe decline
Amo, and ſaint thee too, my Ioy, my Dhve:
Nay, thou ſhouldſt be, what ere fond babblers prate,
Albino's goddeſſe, though *Narciſſus* hate.

Oh would to Iove I were in courteous *France*,
Or elſe that happy place in *France* with me,
That with more tongs thou mightſt make *ama* dance
Within theſe ſilent woods, from tree to tree.
Or would thou hadſt imperiall power from *Iove*,
In the imperious mood to bid her love?

Quoth ſhe, unworthy of a conqueſt's hee
That for a Canons roare his enſignes vailes,
Unworthy of a Roſe, or Roſie glee
Is he, whoſe courage at her javelins failes,
They're feeble amoriſts that for a fye,
Run from their colours, and in ſilence lye.

'Tis our prerogative to have intreate,
With every phraſe that flattry does inhance,
To win our loves, though every ſtroke they beate,
Our hearts beat *Cupids* march, tune *Venus* dance.
In their deſires they never yet did periſh,
Which feed our humours, and our paſſions cheriſh.

To prove the truth of thy affections, I
Shot forth that language, headed with disdaine,
My heart is thine, which till death close mine eye
With steely thumbe, thy bosome shall retaine,
Cæsars proud nod shall not command that blisse,
Whose sweets are promis'd by this melting kisse.

Hah, quoth *Albino*, dare I trust mine eares
With this blest aire? And am I sure I wake?
Or is't a dreame, which wakeneth into teares?
Tis truth: then crawle hence Furies, toad and snake.
The earth her mines, sea vomit shall their pearle,
Ere I leave her, who for me left an Earle.

Then sate they dallying in a shadie bowre,
Where Maples, Ash, and Thorne did them embrace;
Whilst her enlivning breath produc'd each flowre
In curious knots to damaske ore the place.
Oh! who would not his soule and substance tenter,
To be circumference to such a center?

Now have our Amorists attaind the height
Of true content, and sate like billing Doves,
Shetels her quest, he his monasticke flight,
Whilst both recount their passions, feares and loves,
Till *Titans* hasting to moyst *Thetis* armes,
Bad them provide against his sisters harmes.

Then joyning heart and hand, with easie pace,
They travaild to a Pague adjoyning neare,
Wherein a straw-thatcht roofe (an homely place
For such a paire) they entertained were,
And what fine cates old *Katbrine* could affoord,
Was serv'd in state unto an aged boord.

Their

Their table with rich damaske cloathes was ſpread,
Whoſe every twiſt out-vyde the double cable,
The napkins Diaper, of equall thread,
The mourning trenchers cloathed were in ſable:
A curious ſalt, cut out oth' bolder ſtone,
And for their plate —— ſincerely there was none.

The dropſied Hoſt, like to a Sewre did ſtrut
To marſhall every diſh: and firſt did bring
A ſpatious bowle to ſcoure the narrow gut
of nut-browne Ale, a liquor for a King.
And ſayes, My *Bona Roba*, drinke this boule,
Twill cleare thy throat, and cheere thy drooping (ſoule.
Next came the mumping hoſteſſe, and ſet downe
A luſtie diſh of milke, ſky coloured blew,
Crumb'd with the ludgets of the luſtie browne,
Which two months ſince was piping hot and new,
Yet 'tis, ſayes ſhe, as ſavory in good law,
As wheaten traſh, which crams the Ladies maw.

This good old *Chrone* was troubled ſo with winde,
Her coates did dance toth' muſick of her belly:
Next came a barley dumpling, whoſe harſh tinde,
Was oyled ore with a fine tallow jelly,
Brought by a mincing *Marget*, paſſing trim,
Whoſe juycie noſe did make the pudding ſwim.

Next came ſome' *Glotrah* (which the plough-man
Ioyn'd with a pudding on a holy day) (flanke,
Brought by a jetting dame, on whom in rankes
And diſcipline of ſtate, whole troopes did ſtray
Of —— I forbeare to ſay, leſt theſe rude feet,
With queaſie dames, and Lady readers meet.

Last, a tough cheese must lock the stomackes doore,
Milkt from a cow that fed on nought but Burres,
Had laine five winters on spongie floore,
To gaine an harnesse, and a coate of furres,
So nearly peopled too, twas judg'd a court,
Such heards of gentles did about it sport.

Qualmish *Bellama* could not eate a bit,
'Cause luscious meats a surfet soone provoke
Albino ventred, but was faine to spit,
Left those harsh viands should his Monkship choke.
And whilst he hauked, and *Bellama* laught,
The trumping hostesse stole a thumping draught

Are you so dainty toothed, quoth mine host,
That countrey vittails will not downe with you?
You shall be fed with Custards, pyes and rost,
Cannot your chops a boneleese pudding chew?
I trow farre worser is than this your fare,
Vnlesse you kitchin sculs, and lick-spits are.

Ma' gep, ma' faw, the crabbed hostesse sayd,
Let 'em ern fast, if they'l not eate their sowle,
Is not my daughter *Maudge* as fine a mayd,
And yet by mack you see the troules the bowle.
I've dresst a supper sure, has pleased those,
Had wider purses far, and better close.

Pray mother, gainst the young mon doe not rage,
Sayes full-lipt *Maudge*, for he must be your son,
We are alike in face, of equall age,
Then boh, the match is soon concluded on.
Kusse me, my honest *Dick*, for we this night
With crickle crackle will the Gobblins fright.

Masse

Maſſe, ſayes mine Hoſt, I like the fellow well,
To ſuckle barnes, Ile give him tidee Mull,
And my browne Maure, as ſound as any Bell,
With ten good ſhear-hogs to affoord him woll:
And if they pleaſe me, after me they ſhall
Sell nappy yale within this truſty wall.

Feck, ſayes mine hoſteſſe, they ſhall have a bed
With good ſtrong ſheets, to pig together in,
A brazen pot, a kettle and a led,
Platters, bowles, pailes and an old kilderkin,
And if they pleaſe m', a brace of wheeles to ſpin,
Mantles and clouts to wrap their bantlins in.

Our lovers at this pretty talke did ſmile;
Then ſayes *Albino*, there is no ſuch haſte,
I like, but yet wee'l reſpit it a while,
Thou ſhalt be (duck) ſome three nights longer chaſte
Ile man my ſiſter at dayes next attiring,
Then back, and give my *Maudgs* a curtaine ſpring.

When as his yeelding had appeas'd the billowes
Of their lowd paſſions, and their meat digeſted,
Nights middle age invited to their pillowes,
But tell I d are not, how the lovers reſted,
Whether co-ſheeting was allowd as fit,
Monaſtick vowes diſpenſing well with it.

But this I ſay, there was but one gueſt-roome,
Hangd with a pentice cloath ſpoke age enough,
The ſpiders here had one continued loome,
Here rats and mice did play at blind mans blough.
Their bed had many taſters, but no teaſter,
Their bedding uſherd in thin-ſided Eaſter.

Repentant Mattresse for chastising Lent,
Stout as a face of steele, which ne're will yeeld,
Their sheets were tenants, weekly payed rent,
The pillow was with juyce of noddles steeld,
And therefore fit to bolster any sin:
Their coverlet was of a bullocks skin.

Their urine-vessell was of Ticknell make,
Whose in-side was with unshorne vellet clad,
Their bed-sted floted in a springing lake,
Where Frogs and Newts their randevouzes had.
This was their gueſt-bed, and there was no other,
Thinke you *Bellama* then lodg'd with her brother?

No, such pure vertues saint *Bellama's* brest,
And such cleare sparkes of honour heate his soule,
That such a thought would stain her virgine crest:
And blur the sacreds of *Albino's* roule.
Then dye black thoughts, *Bellama's* chast denyals
Repeld all charms of love, and *Venice*-trials.

Nay, he nere tempted, nor attempted once
To scale the fortresse of her virgine-tower:
For her chaste Noes, and vowes did guard the sconce
That twas impregnable, not forc't by power.
And though he did enspheare her naked waste,
Yet durst my faith and oath conclude her chaste.

This longing on *Albino* workt so strong,
That when the god of slumbers did intreat
Him to his court, into his thoughts did throng
His house of penance, hunger, cold, and sweat.
So powerful was his dreame, entruth'd with feare,
That his strong faith concluded he was there.

And

And in some sort he was: for when the East
Was purpled with the blushes of the morne,
When his benummed sences were releast
By the shrill sound of *Gallus* bugle horne.
He heard a sound of words, and looking out,
He saw a legion of the Monkish rout.

For you must know that when *Albino's* wit
Had won him freedome, and *Conrado* thrall,
The jealous matrone somewhat feared it,
And the next morning did *Conrado* call;
Who (brooking ill his lodging) struck with feare,
Made answere to the matrones question here.

So when her eyes suspition truth had made,
She askt *Conrado* how that came to passe?
Quoth he, credulity my feare ore-swayd,
I was deluded with the dukedome lasse.
She promis'd me a dukedome for my paines,
And I, poore I, thought it sufficient gaines.

Hah, quoth the Matrone, could thy falshood serve
Thus to dishonour me, and all my traine?
His penaltie is thine, till every nerve
Shrinke up with famine, thou shalt here remaine,
Time will not measure yeares, e're thou wilt say,
A Dukedome for thy penance is no pay.

Madam, quoth he, my sences were bewitched
With that pure white which dwelt upon her brow,
I scratcht and pincht, but still my humours itched,
I stood upright, but still my heart did bow.
Who would not twice ten minutes in a brooke,
Chin high and thirsty stand, to be a Duke?

Quoth

Quoth she, I see that folly over-swayes,
And *Venus* soveraigne is of every sect,
To beauty every arder homage payes,
Whilst onely age and blackneſſe gain neglect.
I'xcuſe thy frailty, haſte unto thy dell,
The ſentence of *Phœliches* flight repell.

Conrade thankt her, and away did pack,
(As one reprieved from the gallow tree,
Still fearing that ſterne juſtice pluckt him back)
Leſt *Ianns*-like her face ſhould changed bee:
For well he knew, the monthly horned queene
No oftner fils her orbe, than ſhe her ſpleene.

He nature blam'd, he could no faſter run,
But comming to the gate, the porter op't,
Who much appald to ſee a youthful Nun,
Sayes, Miſtreſſe, do you travell to be coap't?
Give me my fee, for ſure a plumpe-cheekt laſſe
Shall not the Porters lodge unkiſſed paſſe.

He could not quiet his impatient luſt,
Till he had ſhowne the enſignes of his habit,
His paired crowne with *Venus* rayes aduſt:
Then left the mongrell his ſuppoſed rabbit,
And ſlinkt away from his monaſtick vaile,
Iuſt like a dog that newly hurnt his taile.

When he had caſt his woman, and put on
The habit of his order, he made haſte
Vnto his Lord, told him *Phœliche's* gone,
And that his conſcience did conclude her chaſte.
She *Folco's* large endowments muſt inherit,
And promis'd me to recompence my merit.

The

The Prior ſmiling at his folly, checkt
Him for *Apella's* faith, and ſayd his laſſe
Was young *Albino* in Nun-veſtments deckt,
(If that our Porter had his doble glaſſe)
And ſince thy comming cleareth every doubt,
Harneſſe your ſelves to ſeeke the yonker out.

As the attendants of an hunting Prince,
Intending to diſtrank an ore-growne Boare,
View the impreſſions of his feet, which ſince
Laſt eve were printed on the ſandy ſhore,
Beating each bnſh, and in each cabben ſearching
To finde his frank, & not the pheaſants pearching.

And as when *Reynald* with his wily plot,
Into the ſquadron of the geeſe is crept,
And grand-ſire Gander on his back has got, (kept,
Th'affrighted geeſe like them which watch-towres
With ſhrill-ton'd gabblings wake the ſlumbring
By *Phœbe's* candle to go ſeek the downs. (towns.

Some arme themſelves with ſpits, one with a ladle,
Some ſnatch up pick-forkes, one a bill or knife.
The ambling nurſe runs out, and leaves the cradle,
And the awd mid-wife flies the teeming wife,
Old grand-ſire gray-beard his tuffe bilbow gets,
And grandame *Griſſel* with her diſtaffe jets.

Iuſt ſo our hair-lack Monkes purſu'd their queſt,
Searcht for his view, and threaded every grove,
With bels, beads, bookes, and holy water bleſt,
And armd with envies whips, about did rove.
Their runnigado *Reynald* to ſurprize,
And came to *Steen* ere the Sun could riſe.

Which

Which sight unspirited *Albino* quite,
That his invention could not teeme a plot:
For in his lookes his feare was writ in white,
And to his heart his frighted blood did trot.
Yet calling courage to appeare o.h' stage,
He sheath'd his body in his woven cage.

Then hasting to the Host, bad him awake,
Desir'd his counsell, and assisting hand,
Sayes now his life and safety lay at stake,
For at his doore a troope of shavelings stand,
I am their errand, I must bid adiew
To lovely *Maudge*, mine hostesse, and to you.

Hoh, quoth mine host, and rubd his gummy eyes,
Whot sayes my sonne? Must thou be whurld away?
I warrant, boy, my club shall still their cryes,
When 'bout their costards I shall make it play.
Ile dy their stark nak't crowns with their own blood,
Then let 'em come, if that they think it good.

Good Sickerlin, sayes *Maudge*, ere they shall have
My hony-sweeten *Dick*, Ile scratch and bite,
With scalding water Ile their noddles shave:
Then tusse me *Dick*, thy *Maudge* wil for thee fight.
Thankes, quoth he, Duck, but yet it cannot bee,
That thy endevours should advantage me.

But yet me thinkes I see some comfort dawne,
Yon tinkers budget strengthens every joynt,
Lend me some cloths, by times harsh grinders gnawn
And I will be a Tinker in each poynt,
My sister must have ragges, and be my trull:
Thus vaild & cloath'd we wil the shavelins gull.

Accoutred.

Accoutred in these robes of state, he made
His face and hands in sootie vestures mourne,
Then wak't *Bellama*, who was sore afrayd
To see a Tinker, and away does turne.
But grasping onely ayre, she shrilly cryde,
Art fled *Albino*, from thy sweet-hearts side?

Which words so shrilly spoke, made eccho babble,
Who wing'd with envie, out oth' window flies,
Carries *Albino* to the Monkish rabble:
They hearing that, Perduers made their eyes,
And sweld with rage, against the doore did knock,
Whose aged breast could not endure the shock.

This stroke *Albino's* heart did almost break,
Yet bids *Bellama* sheath her body in
These homely ragges, which onely safety speak,
Care not for courseneſſe, so they hide the skin,
And at this Tinkers habit doe not wonder,
Tis but the curtaine thy *Albino's* under.

What tispyde fellowes at my doore doe beate
Thus early, quoth mine host, is this your manners?
What must mine hostesse wayt upon th'entreat
Of Taylors, Coblers, Carpenters and tanners?
If drinking be your errand, where yey got
Your last nights fudling-cap, this morning trot.

Impatient they, did make the doore unhinge,
Which gave an entrance to enrag'd *Bardino*,
He to the reverend host did lowly cringe,
Told him his errand was to seek *Albino*.
And as they did his homely cottage hem,
Albino's name came leaping unto them.

Hoh,

Hoh, quoth mine host, unto mine house there came
Last night for lodging, a stout Tinker knave,
Who now is ticking with his ragged dame,
Go, if with him yey any business have:
But who *Albino* is, I cannot tell,
Heres no fike mon does penance in my cell.

Into the Arras-fieled parlour then
The coapsters went, in every corner snookt,
The Tinkers visage none of them did ken,
But for *Albino*, on *Albino* lookt;
Well might he cozen them, when as his saint
Knew not his face under that maske of paint.

Then as they searched every place, by chance
Conrado did his Monkish vestments owne
He lent *Phælicheat* their affiance.
The host perceiving that the cloathes were knowne,
Sayd, yesterday about the after three
A fellow came, and pawn'd those clothes to mee.

They askt *Bellama* then, why she did call
Vpon *Albino*? Why forsooth sayd she,
I was a servant once in *Darwey* hall,
Where that young Monke I oftentimes did see,
Who oft in private would disport with me,
And promis'd that I should his sweeting be.

But by misfortune being turnd away,
This Iouiall Tinker took me unto wife,
So as this morne by his warm side I lay,
I of *Albino* dream'd, my joy, my life. (drab.
Hee's not thy mon, quoth *Maudge*, thou lyst base
Peace huswife, sayes mine host, you tatling blab.

Thus

Thus had the Scean been chang'd, had not the Sire
Suppreſt her babblings with a check and grin.
The Monkes well ſatisfide, gang to the fire
To taſt the juyce of *Kates* old Kilderkin.
The Tinker and mine hoſt would alwayes cry,
Fill hoſteſſe, fill, the Monkes are ſtill a-dry.

Canzone.

Drink ful ones Tinker, me thinks the Monks are dry,
Drink healths mine hoſt, the Monks do feare a thirſt:
Are the Monks thirſtie? the Monks will quickly try
If they or the Tinker want a pillow firſt,
Elſe wil we jig and hay unto the black pots ſound
Til to that muſick the houſe ſhal dance the roun.

Then fill a dozen hoſteſſe, wee'l have a merry cup,
And make the Tinker forſet his budget & his braſſe.
Faith, ſayes the tinker, Ile make your monkſhips ſup
Till yey ſing *Requiems*, in reading of the maſſe.
Then fill a gallon hoſteſſe, we'l health it all about,
Till all complain oth' head-ach, the falling or the (gout.
Come on dropping ſhavelins, let's ſee you count your (beads,
I am half afraid youl'l ſtutter in the maſſe.
Gramercy lovely pots, and nimble *Ganimedes*,
That brought more water than what holy was.
Wel ſawcie tinker, wel, pray finger you your braſſe.
And let the monks alonelone, they'l finger wel the (maſſe.
Pray Gaffer Cowliſts why are yey ſo bald
To coole your *Pia maters* in a ſweat?
Or did the water your wiſe noddles ſcald,
Which your devotions and hot zeale did heat?
Or are yey given unto *Venus* play?
I am afrayd there went the haire away.

Bue-

But base *Bardino* did this mirth eclipse,
(In his monastick life *Albino's* friend)
Viewing the travaile of his hand, his lips,
He by a secret marke *Albino* kend:
For by some strange mishap, was set a brand,
An azure spot upon his alter hand.

Sayes he, me thinkes youare too frolicke Tinker,
Your mirth I feare presageth your disgrace,
You must no longer be mine hostesse Skinker,
For you will say, unlesse y'ave braz'd your face,
That you both see, and doe *Albino* know,
If you deny't, I have your hand to show.

During the time that you were cowld and coap't,
On your right hand there dwelt a cœrule mark,
Which nere would off, although twas often soapt.
Well, quoth mine Host, but pray your worship hark,
May not two men be like, may there not be
The selfe-same spot of him, and you, and me.

This could not yet appease *Bardino's* hate,
Still teeming mischiefe, and with envie bigge,
So starting up, he fum'd, and lowd did prate,
And snatched off *Albino's* periwigge.
Now gainst two witnesses he could not stand,
Whenas his head bore witnesse with his hand.

Albine excus'd, it was by nature so,
Saying no razor ere did touch his scull:
No, sayes *Bardino*? it againe does grow,
Thou canst not with this fop my wisedome gull.
Keepe him my brethren, and meane while I will
Fetch the watch-beggar, and his rusty bill.

Bellama.

Bellama did mean while what language can,
With oyled words, and pitty-pleading teares,
Beseeching these to free her wedded man;
But to her voyce they cottond had their eares,
Until an Angel did appeare unto them,
And with his goldy looks and musick wooe them.

Then did they yeeld to let them goe away,
And they mean time would faine a deadding sleepe,
They for a second licence would not stay,
But hasting out, along the ditches creepe.
And as they went a Raddle-man they meet,
Whom with kinde aires, and high-way phrase they greet.

And greeting past, *Albino* did require
To change apparell with him, and his trade,
Giving him cash to hasten his desire.
With all my heart the Raddle-yonker sayd,
(Nere questioning the cause) yet by the masse,
My Dames will say, I am a podging Asse.

Thus chang'd they clothes & budgets; then with lead
On the new Tinkers hand *Albino* made
A mark like his, to gull his envious head:
With Raddle-crimson then fit for his trade,
He cloathd his face, and gave *Bellama* some,
So trudgd away, for feare the Monk should come.

Have you beheld a hound in sudden fright,
Whom powder feard, or else the staffe did beat,
How oft he turnes and lookes, yet keeps on flight,
So they with glancing eyes would oft retreat,
Yet moved forward still, as in a ship,
The Pilots backward looke, yet forward skip.

But

But our new Tinker swelled with content,
Fearing no colours, to the towne did passe,
Crying, as he along the hamblet went,
Ha y' any need, hooh, of a Tinkers brasse?
Bardino now returned in a chafe,
And askt the Tinkers name, who answerd, *Rose.*

Where dwelst thou? any where? how long
Hast tinkring us'd? I cannot tell.
Then bout the Tinker all the Monkes did throng,
Whilst he, poore fellow thought h'had been in hell!
For till that day, he never saw such creatures,
And what they were, he knew not by their features.

Bardino feared this was but a gull,
And sayes, good fellow, let me see thy hand.
I'me not asham'd to show't, by cock and bull.
Bardino viewing't well, espyd the brand,
And sayes, Sir youth, before you couzend me:
But now in sooth, I will be meet with thee.

Divell, *or* Frier, what soere thou art,
What taunting language dost thou give to me?
Hah! quoth the Tinker. Quoth *Bardino*, *Smart*
Shall give a comment of my words to thee.
Smart, quoth the Tinker, swigge for *Smart* & you.
I bid defiance unto all thy crue.

Talke not to me of *Smart*: for if you prate,
This knotty staffe shall bastenado you,
Ile set a scarlet cap upon thy pate,
And lace thy shoulders with a purple blew.
Peace, honest Tinker, say the other Monkes.
I, I will peace it, if I catch the hunkes,

But

But let the Monkes and Tinker take their chances,
We'l view the travails of our Raddle-man,
With faint *Bellama*' whom every feare entrances,
And every trance does make her roses wan.
Thus farre their loves have Tragi-comick been,
Thwarted by Fate, and the unconstant Queene.

But every planet with kinde aspect now
Viewes their long travelld loves, and *Venus* boy,
Smiles on their wishes with auspitious brow:
Now a full harvest must they have of joy;
Though sowd with black disasters, dangers, feares,
Despaire, hope, doubtings, sad complaints & tears.

For aged *Stanley's* towres (thanfatall stage,
Where Danes did act their juries once in blood,
When bellowing cannons belched out their rage)
Within the kenning of our lovers stood:
And the well-tuned bells did lowd proclaime
Ioy to the lovers in great *Hymens* name.

A neare allye, *Albino* in this towne
(By order a devout Carthusian) had,
Whose voyce, hee hop't, with joy their loves should crown.
But he a slave in Raddle vestures clad,
And a rag'd *Mirget* seeing, starved back,
Bidding his knaveship to some other pack.

He would have no commerce with such as he,
He had no Ewes, whose backes did want his raddle,
And if he over-sawcie needs would be,
With a good bat he would his gaskins swaddle.
The Provorst Marshall else, if this does faile,
Shall show you lodging in the whip-stock jayle.

This

This language sounded in *Bellama's* eares,
Like the sad voyce of death, yet feare no slaughter,
To joy straight chang'd shall be this scean of teares,
And stead of griefe, the child of pleasure, laughter,
My promise stands unshak't, for this short anger
Brings not their loves nor safeties unto danger.

Sir, quoth *Albino*, there was once a time,
When you esteem'd those winged minutes sainted
You spent with me (when Fortune was in prime)
For you and I have better been acquainted,
Though some disasters, and stern Fate have made
Me take this homely garbe, and homelier trade.

Some blood whith in your azure chanels glide,
Dwels in my veines, I am *Albino* hight,
And left you think this smels too much of pride,
View this triangle on my able right.
That sight unto rejoycings beat alarmes,
His kinsman then ensphear'd him in his armes.

So led them both under his arched roofe,
Breathing kinde welcomes from his courteous lips,
Excus'd his ignorance, and sharp reproofe,
Askt what misfortune did his worth eclipse?
Demanding how coy Fortune dealt with him?
And who she was, that was so passing trim?

Vnlesse high heavens do forbid the bane,
This mayd shall be my bride, though homely dresst,
Cloathes oftentimes the purest beauty staine,
And *Venus* most uncloath'd, is cloathed best.
Vnder this roofe of ragges *Bellama* dwels,
Fraught with diviner worth than nature spels.

Hymen

Hymen enrich your wiſhes with content,
As benigne heaven has enricht your face
With natures glory, beauties orient,
Sayes the Carthuſian with a comely grace,
Thrice welcome, welcome, for your lovely grace
Will adde a luſtre to my homely place,

Sir, my endevours ſhall be wholly ſpent
Henceforth, quoth ſhe, to recompence your ayre;
This is no time (forſooth) to complement,
Prythee adjourne thy words of courtſhip (faire)
For till our hands be joynd as well as hearts,
I feare (quoth he) ſupplanting envies darts.

Good Cozen, ere the next dayes ſunne be rold
Th' *Apogæum*, our Meridian poynt,
Favour our wiſhes with the have and hold,
Tye us ſo faſt, fate may not us diſ-joynt.
For envie like a ſnake does crawle about,
And winds her tayle in where ſhe holes her ſnout

Omit no nuptiall rites, with holy oyle
Let her anoynt the poſts with virgine hand,
To *Ianus* conſecrate the weathers ſpoyle,
And to thoſe gods which for our houſe-holds ſtand,
Procure horne torches to be borne along,
And cry *Thalaſſius* with a bridall ſong.

Provide me ſtore of nuts to throw about,
With a full hand unto the gaping boyes,
That from the tumults of the ſtruggling rout,
All voyces may be dampt, that ſpeak not joyes,
Over us two, let the ſame *Flamine* fall,
And let the wheaten cake conſummate all.

Nor

Nor will we manumisse these robes of state,
Within whose walles blest safety onely dwelles,
Lest our knowne faces and apparell prate
In lowder eccho's than the marriage bells.
Then say (faire Lady) truth I doe not jeere,
Will you be wedded to a scarlete ere?

Quoth she (with blushes carpetting her cheeke)
And is that question (prythee) yet to aske?
Your worth does merit the unequald Greeke,
Without Nun-penance, or *Alcides* taske.
Then pray you (in truth it is no gull)
Will you be married to a Tinkers trull?

Thus sleep and mirth did cut the night, and e're
The soveraignty was tane from *Cynthia's* horne,
When at Eaths casement newly did appeare
The orient brightnesse of the rising morne,
Albino rose, and to the Church did haste,
T'un-Nun *Bellama*, and un-gird her waste.

When the Carthusians voyce had crownd their amors
With an assurance of *Tra'assian* joyes,
The ayre was thinned with the joyfull clamors
(Not of state-sattens) but of Grammar boyes,
And our fresh sponsants in that height of mirth.
To every pleasure gave an easie birth.

Now are they landed on the Ile of blisse,
Where every joy courts their desires with pleasure,
Envie did then her snakie traine dismisse:
For their espousals did all sweete entreasure.
Dead grief bequeath'd her stings to thorn & thistle
Nor durst a sigh within those borders whistle.

Then

Then, as Sea-merchants, when their reeling Gally,
Drunk with ſalt Neptune, hazardeth their breathes,
To calme bold tempeſt, and the *Tritons* valley,
Hack on the quiet ſhore their bracked ſheathes.
So did our Amoriſts, (halfe wrackt with eye-men)
Devote their raddle veſtes to *Love* and *Hymen*.

Some marrow-lancing eye perchance may quarrell,
'Cauſe with the bridall torch my muſe expires,
And in lowd jeeres his towring voyce apparrell,
Taxing the faintneſſe of my Metricke fires,
*Be*cauſe my lines tread not the common path
Of Fortune, iſſue, and appeaſing wrath.

Perhaps I dare not lengthen out my ſtory
With thoſe events ſucceeding time begot,
Leſt ſome diſaſter ſhould eclypſe their glory,
And the pure Ermins of their pleaſures ſpot:
For having ſcru'd them into firme embraces,
I will not waken hate, or rouze diſgraces.

Yet beauty (know) when vertue ſhines upon her,
And vertues (know) skin-perfections gloſſe 'em,
Awe Fortunes nath, and challenge heavens honour,
Hell cannor cancell them, nor envie droſſe 'em.
Love, if to me the ſame coutent thou'lt yeeld,
Ile limme thy mother on *Minerva's* Shield.

BRITISH
5 OC 70
MUSEUM

TO THOSE WORTHY HERO'S OF OVR Age, whose noble Breasts are wet and watred with the deaw of Helicon, *N.W.* wisheth ever-*flourishing Laurels.*

YOu noble Laureats, whose able Quills
In framing Odes, do drean the sacred rills
Of *Aganippe* dry, within whose brests
The Syre of *Æsculapius* safely rests;
And all the Muses Temple, daigne your rayes
To cheare the measures of an infant Bayes,
Spread forth the Banners of your worths to sheild
His yonger Muse, unable yet to weild
Armes, 'gainst the Monsters of this Critick age,
Envie, detraction, and Saturnine rage.
I to my selfe assume not double worth,
Or that my teeming phansie can bring forth
Words to make wonder stand amaz'd, doe trye
To vindicate the breath of Poesie.
In such a thought I'me silent, but because
I've heard invectives belched from the jawes

Of *Nil-ſcientes*, whoſe audacious bragges
Have rays'd a thunder like a ſhoale of dagges
T'affright endevours:
In writing which, if my weake ſtudies hit
Of any fanſie ſpeaking worth or wit,
If I have ſnatched any fainting Muſe
From the black jawes of envie and abuſe,
Shooting a ſoule into her, and new breath,
Maugre thoſe tongues that doomed her to death.
Eccho forth thankes unto coy *Daphnes* lover
(About whoſe Fane the ſacred Nine doe hover)
Whoſe kindneſſe ſmild on my uncruſht deſignes,
And lockt a Muſe in my unworthy lines
Able to blunt the darts of envie, pare
The ſharpeſt hoofed Satyr, and with ayre
Shrill as the voyce of thunder, chide thoſe gaules,
That belch forth ſcandals and invective bawles:
Nay, he, befriending me above my merit,
Vnſeen of any, heav'd my winged ſpirit
T'a higher court than the Star-chamber is,
Where ſoules may ſurfet with immortall bliſſe.
And taught my phanſie in thoſe quiet ſlumbers,
What, waking, I have folded up in numbers,
To tell the brood of Critickes, that there are
Some few, or if not ſome, yet one, that dare
(Backed by your thrice-ſacred worths) expoſe
Theſe lines and letters to the ken of proſe.

The humble admirer of
your Muſes N. W.

Il in ſonio inſonnadado.

WHhen (in the ſilent age of ſable night)
The ſilver way with *Phœbes* glimting light,
And her attendants was adornd, and when
Faſt ſlumbers ſcald the eyes of drowſie men,
I entred *Morpheus* Court, that Iv'ry port,
Whereat benighted phanſies paſſe that ſort
With reall good, ſleepe was the Ianitor,
Who let me in without one crum of Ore,
Into the ſpacious hall, whoſe darkſome flore,
With downie beds and quilts was paved ore,
Inſtead of Marble ſtones: here nuzzled both
The hated ſpawne of idleneſſe and ſloth,
Ialone and *Phantaſo*, the one
Wrapt in a mantle ſet with ſtarres and ſtones,
Checkerd with flowres, and trimd with antick ſhapes
Playing with children, feathets, flies and Apes,
Blowing up ſpittle bladders: and the other
Stretcht on the boſome of his quiet mother,
Folded in furres and feathers, would not ſtirre
To earne a penny, or to pleaſe you Sir

With cap and curtſie: wondring much, to me
The winged poſt came with an Embaſſee,
I, frighted with his ſtrange apparell, ſhrunke
Away, and cloſely into feathers ſunke.
He ſmiling ſayd, let not my ſtrange arraying,
Kinde youth, beget amazement, or diſmaying:
Ile ſhow thee where in marſhald order ſtray
Whole troopes of Laureats enſphear'd with Bay,
Then ſpread his winged ſailes, and caught my haire,
Without a ſence of motion through the aire,
Conducting me, through where the Salamander
(If faith b'hiſtorical) does breath and wander,
Then throgh thoſe glorious orbs, enricht with gems,
The palaces of ſeven Diadems.
Then throgh the firmament, where glittring ſpangs,
Like blazing Topazes, in Chryſtal hangs,
Three ſtories higher was the Galupin
Where *Iove* was frolick with his goddy kin;
Hither was I uplifted, then mine eye
Beſprinkled was by nimble *Mercurie*,
With liquor, which with ſtrength did me endue
T'abide the preſence of th'immortall crue,
The whiſpring vaults Lopened of my braine,
The counſels of the gods to entertaine,
And fearing memorie, with ſhort-liv'd chalke,
(Wanting the tongue of paper) writ their talke;
The Patron of Parnaſſus and the nine,
To Iove preſented and the reſt divine,
Their ſuites with comely grace and majeſtie.
But *Phœbus* was the Oratour; Loe I,
Thy daughters undertooke to patronize,
Great Emperour of the Chriſtall ſpangled skies,

And

And ſhield their meaſures from the ſullen rage
Of envious ignorance this Criticke age;
(For none inveigh againſt Poetick meaſures,
But thoſe that never had *Pandora's* treaſures)
Yet ſuch a ſhoale of ignorants I finde,
'Tis thought the greater part oth' world is blinde,
That maugre all my ſcourges, in the dark
Againſt the Muſes they will ſnarle and bark.
I et winged-ſandald *Hermes* poſt to call
And ſummon them unto thy judgment Hall,
That you may know their rage is want of braines.
Hermes took poſt, and brought the ſilly traines,
Iove wav'dhis ſcepter, and commanded huſh,
Then calles a gawdie peece of emptie pluſh,
Aud askt what hee could ſay 'gainſt Poetry?
Hah, hah, quoth he, and fleer'd with blinking eye,
I have a miſtreſſe (then begins a tale,
Which made *Iove* call for ſome Nectarean Ale,
To arme his eares 'gainſt non-ſence, and his ſide
'Gainſt laughters furie) has too much of pride,
Shee's faire, as is a wall new parg'd with lime,
Shee's wiſe enough; for age, ſhee's in her prime,
I vow her ſervice, but Thee ſlights me, why?
Marry, I dare no veine in Poeſie,
But what I take on truſt, oth' ſecond hand,
Shee jeeres and ſayes, this cannot well be ſcand,
This has a foot too little, that too much,
This is a borrowd line, ſhe knowes't byth' touch,
Tells me the double *Indies* ſhall not gaine
Her love, without the ſmirke, Poetick vaine,
Deſpairing I againſt the Muſes rayle,
And wiſht my hands had cruſted been with flaile,

Then should not I have needed Proxee-verse,
T'have wonne a milk-mayd, neither coy nor terse,
Tush, say I, Madam, this same ragged crue
Of rithming dizzards, are not worthy you.
Plato exil'd them from his common-weal,
Their tongues will flatter, and their fingers steale.
Mere sycophants, that for a trencher-bit,
Will sweare y'ave beautie mixt with purest wit.
And if you anger them, will in a rage
Vnsay't, and raile gainst you, your sex, and age.
Hundred invectives more, I often use
Against the Poet and his strumpet Muse;
But I protest, tis to disswade my Lady:
For had I wit, *Phœbus* should be my Dady.
Then sacred sisters I emplore your Bayes,
Make me a Bard, and Ile descant your prayse.
No quoth the Muses *Helicon* nere brookes
T'have servants which doe weare such simple looks,
So sent him packing with a flea in's eare.
Apollo cald another to appeare,
A feeble braine, that at a gen'rall dye
Had got the sable hue of infamie:
He buzzles like a bustard in a winde,
And with his aio's strikes the vulgar blinde,
In whom, if we beleeve *Pythagoras*,
I thinke the soule of *Battus* housed was:
He is demanded why he thus does bawle
Gainst soaring wits, not worms that earthly crawle?
Clothing his face with impudence, his lookes
With pride; and with high selfe-conceit (his bookes,
So are his words, he speakes in print) why, why,
Have I not cause t'exclaime on Poesie?

Inti

I'me a Divine, not a fond pratling Poet,
I am a Preacher I would have you know it.
Peace arrogant, sayes *Hermes*, else Ile drive
Thee quick into the black infernall hive.
There was a time when thou admir'dst with praise
Each sprig of Lawrell, slip of youthfull Bayes.
But Envie's master now, or th'cause of it
Is, thou nere hop'st t'attaine that height of wit.
But say the truth, (yet truth will scarce abide thee)
Are there not some that jeere and doe deride thee
In lofty measures, and thou wanting skill
To vindicate thy credit by thy quill?
Do'st scold? Quoth he, I doe acknowledge it,
I blam'd the Muses, 'cause I wanted wit,
And darted scandals at *Apollo's* Lyre,
Yet pardon, mightie *Æsculapius* Syre,
And yee blest goddesses, my grand offence,
And on your Altars Ile burne frankincense.
Nay, build rich Trophies unto Poetrie.
Tis good to see a convert minde, stand by
Apollo sayd; sayes *Vulcan* by the Masse,
I have espyd a plumpe-cheekt bonnie lasse,
She is a wrig I warrant, where's my wife?
Oh! tis a hell to live a coupled life.
Thus did the Black-smith mutter, till *Apollo*
Cited the damsell with a gentle hollo.
Vp comes the *Margit* with a mincing pace,
A Citie-stride, Court-garbe, and smirking face,
So curtsy'd to the gods, yet twas but short.
Then sayes *Apollo*, (meaning to make sport)
What occupation use you, Art or Trade?
Are you a Virgine? Yes, a chamber-mayd

Forſooth I am, I have my virgine ſeale,
To honeſt *Vulcan* I dare make m'appeale,
Heel pawne his head, had I kept *Venus* roome,
Mars had not dub'd him with *Actæons* doome.
A merry wench in faith ſayes *Iove*: yet ſtay,
To ſerious parle let's fall from wanton play,
You are accus'd, as one that does condemne
And boldly ſcoffe the Laurell Diadem.
I once, quoth ſhe, admir'd them all, untill
I found my prayſe returnd but traffique ill:
For when I prais'd, they prayſed me againe,
So I had onely prayſes for my paine.
Then wittily I oftentimes would flout,
And ſay the Poets was a needie rout:
Of all profeſſions ſure it was the worſt,
Tuſt like the Cockatrice, ith' ſhell accurſt,
With many more, yet though our tongues did jarre,
Our quarrell ended in a lippy warre.
We kiſt, to friendſhip like the nurſe and child,
And there ſhe ſtopt: whereat the heavens ſmild,
Then came a Serving-man, a blunt old knave,
That dar'd *Parnaſſus* with a ſawcie brave,
In youth ſayes he, I rim'd, and framed notes
To *Pans* choyce muſicke, & the ſheepheards throats,
And many a luſty bowle of creame have got
For *Kates* three brace of rimes, which was God wot,
But once remov'd from proſe, and for a ſong
The iron-hoofed Hobs 'bout me did throng,
But now old age my wit and fancie nips,
I gaule the Muſes with ſatyricke quips,
Yet might I with the Eagle caſt my Bill,
And gaine my youth, I would regaine my skill.

This

This done, the Pursevant *Apollo* posts
T'*Elizium*, to call the Poets ghosts,
That payd th'infernall Ferry-man his fee:
There saw I *Homer*, but he saw not mee,
Lascivious *Ovid*, and *Virgilius* grave,
Satyricke *Iuvenal*, and *Martial* brave,
Splay-footed *Plautus*, limping *Ennius*,
Propertius, *Horace*, and *Boethius*.
Amongst the Modernes came the Fairy Queene,
Old *Geffrey*, *Sidney*, *Drayton*, *Randolph*, *Greene*,
The double *Beaumonde*, *Drummond*, *Browne*,
Each had his chaplet, and his Ivie crowne.
How rested yee amidst those gloomie shades?
Sayes *Iupiter*? see yee not other trades
Learnings and Sciences have constant springs,
Summers and Autumnes without winterings?
They'l have no hail-stormes, fleezie rain, nor frost,
They'r kin to rimes: winter must not be lost:
A pregnant witted Bard did silence breake,
Homer 'twas not, hee could not see to spe ake.
Virgil it was not, he had got a wrench,
Nor *B.* nor *M.* for they had got a wench.
Ennius was lame, and much did feare his shins,
Horace was busie with the kilder kins.
Ovid employd with his beloved Flea,
Old *Geffrey's* language was not fit for plea:
Draiton on's brains a new Moon-Calfe was getting,
And testie *Drummond* could not speake for fretting.
I knew the *Roscians* feature, not his name,
Yet tis engraven on the Shaulme of Fame;
With setled grace he boldly did advance
Father of gods, king of the large expanse.

We oft have heard proud Envie belching forth
Fogs, mists and fumes, t'eclipse the metrick worth,
And know the teeming world did never nurse
So great a mischiefe as the Criticke curse:
Our soules one minute have not rested quiet,
Since carpes we know was *Ignoramus* diet.
If Wisedomes *Fæcial* call to the sand,
We have revenge, our standish is at hand.
That rights our wrongs, but gainst *Don Sillies* railes
The fist is heav'd, for paper nought availes:
We sate in counsell, did intend to sue
With a petition to this noble crue,
The substance this, that ye would either give
Wit and discretion unto all that live,
Or make them Ideots, depriv'd of reason,
Else but to speake, let it be counted treason.
But we appeale, great gods, tis now my theame,
To cleare from mud pure *Aganippa's* streame:
Assist *Pierides*, maintaine your fires
With greater care than can the Vestals theirs,
Tis merely losse of time and papet both,
By refutation to chastise their sloth.
Then I the juice of *Helicon* will sup,
Not in nut-shell, but *Colocassian* cup,
Shall make my phansie catch at nought but gems,
And wreath the Muses browes with diadems.
Me thinkes this draught such vertue does infuse,
As if in every sence there dwelt a Muse,
A spirit of valour, to un-god great warre,
Should he but send a ramme; but to the barre,
Who knowes not *Vaticinium* does imply
In equall measures verse and prophesie.

An inspiration, a celestiall touch,
Such is the Poets raptures, Prophets such;
Vates a Bard, and him that does presage
Vaticinor possest with either rage.
Poema is a booke in numbers fram'd,
Fast cemented with sence, by working nam'd,
To which the choyceſt Oratour stands bare,
Poesies does in a sublimer aire,
Things humane and divine expose to view.
The first Philosophie that Fame ere knew,
Was honourd with the name of Poetrie,
Enricht with rules of pure moralitie.
Reading instructions unto heathen men,
With more contentment than the Stoicks pen.
The ancients unto Poets onely gave
The Epithites of wise, divine and grave,
Because their meeters taught the world to know
To whom they did their holy worship owe.
The Greeke is free and kinder in her praise
Which she bestowes upon Poetick Layes,
She calles all that which takes not essence by
A matter pre-existent, Poesie,
So makes the world a Poem, and by this
The great creator a great Poet is.
Nay more, that language on the Nine bestowes,
(As ev'ry callent of that Idiom knowes)
In her etimologues an higher grace,
Calles them παιδεύτας, and whose measures trace
The steps of Nature, humane and divine,
The abstruse mysteries of both untwine,
Vnlock the *exta* of each Science, Art,
By cunning search: againe, not as a part

Nor

Nor a grand columne onely, but entreasures
The soule of learning in the Poets measures,
All other Arts (which use and learning gave)
Precepts and rules, as sure foundations, have,
When as the Poets pen alone's enspir'd
With high Enthusiasmes, by heaven fir'd,
Ennius them holy calles, and *Plato* sayes,
Furies divine are in the Poets layes;
Nor wanted hee himselfe the Poets wit,
He *Dithyrambos* and love passions writ.
The Regall Prophet was a true borne Poet,
As to the life his well-tun'd meeters show it,
Compos'd to musicke by that holy man,
Ere *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* knew how to scan.
Hence Chicken-Augures with your crooked staves,
Whose rash conjectures crowne and dig us graves.
A loftie fansie steeped in the fount
Of *Pegasus*, an higher pitch can mount.
Sibylline Oracles did speake in verse,
Their scatterd leaves in measures did rehearse
The mysteries of mans redemption, by
The incarnation of a deitie.
Grave *Maro*, I remember, in an Ode,
An Eclogue, treades the same Prophetick rode.
Those famous *Druides* renownd of late,
Treated at large oth^r soules immortall state.
Mans spirit does not to the gloomie shade
Of *Erebus*, ore black *Cocytus* wade.
Death sets no period, is the lesser part
Of humane life, for the same breath does dart
Vigor to every sinew in the bulke.
Man lives as freely in another hulke,

Who

Who readeth *Ovids* Metamorphoſin,
And thinkes not *Moſes* ſoule was sheathed in
His body, by a tranſmigration?
He from the chaos tels the worlds plantation.
Maro accords, and gives the world a ſoule,
Which does this well-compacted lumpe controule;
And by illumination he diſcoverd
How then the ſpirit ore the water hoverd.
Th'inſpired pen of old *Pythagoras*
By *Naſos* guide, relates, how in this maſſe
All things doe alter ſhape, yet ſoone Dame Nature
Of one forme loſt, informes another feature,
No ſubſtance's nothinged in this large globe,
But gainſt ſome feaſt puts on a newer robe.
The earth reſolv'd to water, rarefies,
Into pure aire the thinner water flies,
The purer aire aſſumes a ſcorching heate:
They backreturning, orderly retreate,
Thoſe ſubtile ſparkes converted are to breath,
The ſpiſſye aire, being doomed unto death,
Turnes into ſea, earth's made a thickned water.
Thus wily Nature is a ſtrange tranſlater.
My Lady Readers, I refer to ſands,
But the grave learned unto *Ovids* hands.
Nor *Seneca* divine wants propheſies,
Neare to the death of time an age ſhall riſe,
In which, ſayes he, the Ocean ſhall untye
The watry bands of things, and to the eye
Of *Typhis*, a new world appeare
Vnheard before, by the moſt itching eare,
In glory matching this. Then *Thule* no more
Shall be th'earths *ne plus ultra*, bound or dore,

By

Our eights ith'hundred wold large heaps of treasures
Set in their wills to buy *Zoraſtus* meaſures.
Maſſe-prieſts for Dirges then would looſe their fee,
Theſe would the ſureſt *de profundis* be.
Shopſters and gallants to his houſe would hop,
More than t'Exchanges, or Canary-ſhop.
And Poets briske would have a larger dealth
Than holy Confeſſours, of dead mens wealth.
I might be infinite, ſhould I but ſhow
For what grave Arts the world to Poets owe.
Apelles had not been without *Parnaſſe*,
The penſils worth had onely dwelt on glaſſe,
Or duſty tablets, guided by thoſe Apes,
In imitation of ſome antick ſhapes.
Venus a portraict had, *Pigmalion* miſt
That ſpeechleſſe female which he hugd and kiſt,
Had not th'enlivening breath of Poetrie
T'a higher pitch reard up dull phantaſie.
How quickly worthy acts of famous men,
Dy'd in the waine of our poetick pen?
How rudely by the Monkes (which onely had
The key of learning) were their actions clad,
King *Ethelbert*'s clos'd in his *Poliander*, (*Mæander*
To Chriſt for Church buildings, he's gone without
Such ſtuffe the tombes of *Bede* and *Petrarch* have,
The razor from all Monkey pates did ſhave
Wit with their haire, except in *Mantuan*
Re-teind by *Vida* and *Politian*,
And many others was this glorious Sun
Which glitter ſhall till earths laſt thread be ſpun,
We raiſe ſhall Obeliskes by *Apollos* breath,
Which owe no homage to the rage of death.

How

By pen *Homerus* creatures limb'd to life,
Better than could the *Cynicke* with his knife.
Pliny compared unto him, did erre,
He was a *Chymick* and *Cosmographer*.
How bravely does the Scottish Bard depinge
The planets order, and the Sphericke hinge.
Brave *Petrarch*, Latin'd by our learned clarke,
Lights us a lampe to guide us in this darke
And critick age, sayes, that stout *Alexander*,
(Whose warlicke steps ore all this globe did wander)
Fixing on brave *Pelides* tombe his eye,
Wrapt with a noble envie, lowd did cry,
Happy, O happy thou, whose actions still
Live, being enbreath'd by the immortall quill,
Of worthy *Homer*! nay, when his sword had gaind
Those wealthy realmes, ore which *Darius* raignd:
He mongst his treasures found a casket faire,
So set with gold and gems, it rayd the aire,
And cald in day despight of clowds or nights,
Yet the best use (as grave *Patritius* writes)
This cabinet could serve to, was t'entombe
Homers choyce Iliads in his glorious wombe.
Of *Zoarastus* now some wonders heare,
And barrell his disciples in thine eare, (tongue
Whose rithmes could charme foule *Cerbers* bawling
And pick hels lock with his inchanting song.
From *Stygian* shade conducting whom they listed,
And whom they pleas'd with hellish fogs bemisted.
Oh golden meeters, rimes out-worthing gold,
At what high prices would they now be sold
If they were extant! Friend for friend would sell
Lordships, bookes, banners, to redeeme from hell

Our

How many ages has thoſe Greekes ſurviv'd,
(Than all their predeceſſors longer liv'd)
Which ſhowd their noble worths at *Iliums* grave?
Yet thrice *Neſtorean* age them *Homer* gave:
How bravely *Lucan* tels ſucceeding ages
The ſeven-hilled cities bloody rages.
Moyſt clowdes long ſince, have waſht the purpled graſſe,
Yet red as ever 'tis in *Lucans* glaſſe.
To *Carthage* Queene the wandring *Trojan* Prince
Pretended love, but dead it is long ſince,
And duſt are they, yet *Virgils* loftie verſe
Makes him ſpeak wars, ſhe love, from under th'herſe.
Long ſince did *Helleſpont* gulpe in *Leander*,
When he preſum'd on naked breaſt to wander.
Hero's watch-candle's out, they vaniſht quite,
Yet *Ovid* ſayes, all was but yeſter-night.
A great while ſince the cheating Miller ſtole
The Schollers meale by a quadruple tole,
They gave him th'horn-booke, taught his daughter
Yet look in *Chaucer*, done the other week. (Greek
I'rne-ſinewd *Talus* with his ſteely flaile,
Long ſince ith' right of juſtice did prevaile
Vnder the Scepter of the Fairy Queene,
Yet *Spencers* loftie meaſures makes it greene,
Dun was a Poet, and a grave Divine,
Highly eſteemed for the ſacred Nine,
That after times ſhall ſay whileſt theres a Sun,
This Verſe, this Sermon was compos'd by *Dun*.
What by heroick acts to man accrues,
When griſely *Charon* for his waftage ſues,
If his great grand-childe, and his grand-childes ſon,
May not the honours, which his ſword hath won.

Read

Read, grav'd on paper by a Poets pen,
When marble monuments are duſt, and when
Time has eat off his paint, and letterd gold,
For verſe alone keepes honour out oth' mold.
The preſſe ſucceſſively gives birth to verſe:
Shall ſteely Tombes out-live the Buckram herſe?
To other things the ſame proportion hold,
Pure rimes, which loftie volumes doe enfold.
Aut umnall froſts would nip the double Roſe,
If cheriſht onely by the breath of Proſe.
Beautie of beautie's not the ſmalleſt part,
Which is beſtowed by our liberall Art.
Orpheus, *Arion*, and the ſcraping crue,
To wyre and parched guts may bid adiew,
Or audience beg, wer't not for ſpright-full Bayes,
Which to the ſtrings compoſeth merry Layes,
But with the Muſes I'me ſo falnin love,
That I forget thy preſence, mightie *Iove*,
And through the ſpacious univerſe doe walke,
Bur this ſhall ſet a period to my talke.
Iove ſtretcht his Scepter then with frolick grace,
And joy triumphed on the heavens face,
The Orbes made Muſicke, and the Planets danced,
The Muſes glory was by all enhanced:
Iove then intended for to ratifie
Decrees in the behoofe of Poeſie,
Giving the Bards his hand to kiſſe, and made
Chaplets of Lawrel, which ſhould never fade.
But *Vulcan* to Gradive plac't in oppoſe,
Was nodding faſt, and bellowing through the noſe,
His armed brow fell downe, and lighting right,
His antlers did the marching god unſight.

Mars

Mars fum'd, the gods laught out, the ſphears did ſhake
At which ſhrill noyſe I ſtarting did awake,
And looking up, (Eaſt having op't his dores)
Amazed I beheld a troope of ſcores, (found
And wondring, thought they'd been Ale-debts, but
I them had chalked in my dreaming ſwound.
I trow not the decree, 'twas *Vulcans* fault,
Yet dreames are ſeldome ſound, like him they halt.
Take this, and if I can ſo happy be,
Ile write in my next ſlumbers, the Decree.

FINIS.

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Gentle Reader, beare with ſome faults, which through the obſcuritie of the copie, and the abſence of the Authour have eſcaped; as page 3. line 24. for veyne read reyne. p. 3. l. 6. for enjoyd read enjayld, p. 6, l. 10. for tener read knee. p. 12. l. 24. for Satamit read Catamite. Two ſtaves there are miſplaced, to the reforming whereof the ſence will direct thee: what other errours thou findeſt, let thy pen amend, excuſing the preſſe, and un-ſtaining the Author.

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